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PLUCKING DAISIES.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

On the grass my little love soft lingers,
On the dewy grass,
Plucking daisies with her dimpled fingers,
Smiling as I pass.

And the sun, with touches quick and shining,
Gilds each glossy tress,
That her little hat is brightly lining,
Each touch a caress.

Oh! I would I were a simple flower,
In her fingers pressed;
If but for one brief and happy hour,
Folded to her breast.

Or, if from me to the world so many,
Files this maiden sweet;
I would still be but a simple daisy,
'Neath her dainty feet.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

The horses were led around at the appointed hour, and Agatha came down, looking almost a beauty in her well-made riding habit. Frank always thought her beautiful; and as he seated her, he took the opportunity of saying, "My elegant cousin never looks better than when she is in riding costume."

"I wish I could return the compliment," answered Agatha; "but your ideas of a man's riding costume are so different from mine, that I think you never look worse. You affect English ways so much that I wonder you do not adopt their sensible dress."

"I flatter myself that my get-up was quite English," Mortimer replied, glancing down with evident pride at his top-boots.

"Some day you will ride in Rotten Row, and then you can take observations. I doubt whether you will make yourself look so much like an English groom or a jockey afterwards as you have a fancy for doing now; but not even a groom would appear mounted with such a thing as you wear on your head."

"A thing!" exclaimed Mortimer. "Why, this is the latest mode; positively the latest novelty out."

"No novelties are admitted in riding dress," answered Agatha. "There is only one hat for a man to wear, or a woman either, if they wish to be *comme il faut*; excepting in regular country rides. But I am not in the mood for talking; let us try a gallop." They took a long ride, returning after sunset. Agatha's face glowing from the exhilarating exercise, and seemingly another being, laughing and jesting with her cousin with greater freedom of manner than she had shown toward him for many a long day. He could not account for the change, but gave himself up to the happiness of knowing that it was so. He had adored her from his boyhood, and his love notwithstanding her seeming indifference, had increased with his years, instead of diminishing. He felt when he was with her that there was no hope for him, and yet he never avoided an opportunity to be in her company. The slightest encouragement from her would at any time have brought about a declaration, but she had long ago renounced that familiarity which their cousinly relations entitled him to expect. He was the envy of all his friends, and hated by his rivals, for his successes with women; but could they have known how indifferent he was to it all, how gladly he would have left to them every one of the wives, widows, and maidens to whom he had made love (or who had made love to him) for the heart of the only woman whom he did covet, they would have compassionated instead of envying him.

Agatha possibly would have been at a loss to explain to herself why she had so suddenly relapsed into her old familiarity, but it was because she thought she had less to fear from him than heretofore in the way of love-making. Her heart, which had been hardened toward him instead of being softened by the knowledge of his passion, was no longer on its guard, now that she had made the discovery that he was interested in another. She even accepted his proffered arm, leaning lightly on it, and laughing up into his face, at some light jest which he had uttered, as she crossed the piazza and the hall to the library, where she dropped wearied into her favorite lounging chair in the recess of the window. Her cheeks were no longer marble pale, but flushed to a roseate hue; and as she laid aside her hat, her wealth of hair broke loose, and flowed around her. The moon had just risen, and threw out, from the mass of dark clouds that framed it as if it were some enormous jewel, a flood of bewitching light. It streamed through the window, full upon her expressive face. Her cousin stood in the shadows, leaning against the mantle with his arms folded, regarding her as some devotee might regard a shrine which was too sacred for him to approach.

"Have you no conversation?" she said at last, repeating one of his own trite questions.

"If you were like other women you would appreciate my silence more than any conversation," he replied.

"Indeed! Are you so stupid that women generally like you best when you do not talk?"

"You do but feign ignorance of my meaning, for you well know Agatha, that the highest form of worship is silent adoration."

"You speak in enigmas; pray explain yourself."

"I would be only too happy to do so, if I dared."

"You may dare anything, after what I overheard this morning, when you parted with Mrs. Potiphar."

"Mrs. who?" he asked.

"Mrs. Potiphar Grey; at least, that is what her name ought to be. I look upon that woman with horror, and I wish papa had never invited her here; but you know he traveled with her husband in California, and as she was staying with the Dexters when he visited them in Philadelphia, he included her in the invitation. She is the worst woman I ever knew."

"How little you know your own sex. The worst woman that you ever knew! Why, there is no downright badness about her; she is rather *legere*, perhaps, but you know hosts of women who are worse than she is. I declare, Agatha, you know no more about the world of society than a girl of eighteen. I know many of that age who are wiser than you in such matters. If you would only take pity on me, and make a true, good man of me, as a woman pure as yourself may make even the worst of men!"

"I am glad that your conscience is awakened to the fact that you are not good and true, Frank. I have been awfully deceived in you. Until last evening I looked upon you as a perfectly moral man. I would as soon thought of my father's making love to the wife of another man as I would have thought of your doing such a thing."

Earnestly as Agatha spoke, her cousin could not repress a smile. She saw it and continued:

"It is no trifling matter in my eyes, that of making love to another man's wife. I can assure you that after the occurrences of last evening, I felt for a time as though I never could speak to you again."

"You quite astonish me. What did you see that was so dreadful?" asked Mortimer, in a tone of affected interest.

"I saw you kiss that woman's curls more than once, and once I saw you kiss her on the lips," said Agatha, looking defiantly at him, as though she expected he would be brought to confusion by the weight of her accusation; but he only shook his head, looking very austere, and incapable of such culpability.

"Do you deny it?"

"The shadows must have deceived you," he answered solemnly.

Rays of angry light darted from her eyes as bending forward she said:

"Frank, you are demoralised in more ways than one; but how could I expect that you care for the truth, when you could countenance disloyalty in a woman, to say nothing of having the sin upon your soul of leading her into it? If you love Mrs. Grey, why do you not love her well enough to help her bear the miserable lot that has befallen her—as a woman should bear all such sorrows as are hers—uncomplainingly? Let your friendship lighten them, but do not seek to disgrace her."

"I love Mrs. Grey! I have never made any profession of loving her. She only amuses me; and when a man has nothing to live for, he is grateful to those who do but amuse him. There are a hundred women whom I like better than Mrs. Grey, and perhaps not one of the hundred has the excuse that Mrs. Grey has for forgetting her duties; but let us drop this conversation, or if you wish to continue it, let us say no more of Mrs. Grey, but speak of women in general, and not particularise." He drew up a chair, and sat down near her, their faces confronting each other.

He continued, "Do you think there is any harm in making love to a pretty woman, even if she does happen to have a husband, when you have nothing better to do? when, for instance, the woman whom you really love will not let you make love to her? You see that it is a necessity of man's nature. One way or another, he is obliged to keep his hand in."

Agatha looked sternly at him. "Have you no respect for the rights of others? Do you think it is manly to rob another of what he values most? If you had a wife, would you like other men to make love to her? and kiss her, just to keep their hand in?"

"No, by Jove! I should not. You are quite right, as you always are, and I am wrong, fearfully wrong, in trying to distract myself by such a life as I am leading. Agatha! if you will only try to love me a little; I will not ask much. I will be satisfied with so little that surely you can give it to me to save me from perdition. If you will only be my wife, I swear to you, I will never breathe a vow to any other woman. I will be as true as the needle to the pole." He had seized one of her hands and was covering it with kisses. So firmly did he hold it in both of his, that she made no effort to withdraw it, but looked at him in a vacant, bewildered way, as though she failed to catch the meaning of the tide of words that he poured out, without giving her a moment in which she could either check him or reply.

He continued: "You must know the idolatry that is in my heart for you; you must know how it has been consuming me like a smothered flame, consuming my better impulses and aspirations, I mean—I have never looked in any woman's eyes with a pure, true love, such as I feel for you. It is your coldness that has driven me to others, and made me what I am. Be more merciful, Agatha—be my wife, my darling. You will find no one to love you as I love you, my darling, darling Agatha."

When at last he paused, she said quite frigidly:

"What does this mean? I daresay you will tell me next that I was dreaming this morning when I heard you say to Mrs. Grey, 'Agatha is nothing to me, nor has she ever been.'"

"No, I admit that you did hear me say those very words; but you know that I spoke as falsely then as I am speaking truthfully now."

She drew away the hand upon which he had been raining kisses, and said:

"Am I to know by inspiration when your words are true and when they are false? I have heard of lunatics who always rave when the moon is at its full. I am perfectly sure that you are one of them."

He arose, pacing the apartment excitedly.

"She was right," he said. "No marble statue, no iceberg could be colder than you are, Agatha. You do not even know what it is to feel for another's misery, and do you know what the poet says of such?

> To each their sufferings: all are men
> Condemned alike to groan;
> The tender for another's pain,
> The unfeeling for his own.

I hope the prophecy may be a false one in your case, but something tells me it will not be—that you will have woes of your own to bring you to feel for those of others. You are not only the coldest woman I ever known, but you are the hardest upon the sins of others. Why it should be my unhappy fate to love you is more than I can divine. I suppose, 'because the heart is like water, it flows where it will,' as Lamartine says; but God pity any man who follows in my footsteps, for you do not know what pity is."

More mad words he would have said, stung as he was by the freezing, scornful tones of his cousin's answer, but she interrupted him.

"If, as you say, the heart is like water and flows where it will, why do you blame me, that mine will not flow where you would choose that it should? You are both inconsistent and unreasonable. As for my being ice, or marble, or any other unloveable substance, I trust I shall continue to be so, until I meet a man who is capable of loving one woman so entirely that he has neither temptation nor inclination to make love to another."

Here she arose, adding, as she gathered up the skirt of her riding habit in her hand, and turned to leave:

"More than this; I hope he will have such reverence for the laws of God and man, that he will feel as bitter sympathy as I do for one who is so regardless of both that he degrades himself and others by his conduct, and his loose ideas of morality."

She had gone before he had time to recover from the stunned sensation that her swiftly uttered words gave him. He pressed one hand to his forehead, and looked wildly after her. Then an awful appeal for vengeance broke from his lips, mingling as it did the names of Deity and fiend.

"Great God! make her to love as hopelessly as I love her. I would sell my soul to the devil to bring it about."

While in this moment of his despair his selfish love would have drawn down this curse upon Agatha, he would have been the last man in calmer hours to desire such a fate for any woman—far less for the one to whom he had given the purest love of his heart. But in these bitter moments it seemed to him that his love was transformed into hatred, and that the vengeance that he prayed for would be sweeter to him than life.

CHAPTER V.

AGATHA IMPRESSES UPON CARROLL TRACEY THAT "ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THOSE WHO WORK FOR GOOD."

> Earth is an island, parted round with fears;
> The way to heaven is through a sea of tears;
> It is a stormy passage where is found
> The wreck of many a ship but no man drowned.
> —*Quarles.*

The lovely, sunny October days had gone, taking with them the last vestige of autumn's gay mantle, and November found Mr. Lee on his way to Omaha with his friends for the shooting excursion which they had planned; leaving Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Tracey with Agatha, in sole possession of Seacliffe, their villa by the sea.

Colonel Potten, after learning that he had been at fault in interpreting his friend's postscript, and that Paul Howard had no designs upon his fair neighbor, never even having met her, took him over and introduced him; and so it came about that they found him very agreeable company during the cheerless days that heralded November in, and kept them within doors. Morning after morning he sang with Mrs. Tracey, for she also was as wonderfully gifted in voice as himself; possessing one of those charming mezzo soprano voices, full of sympathetic qualities; so fresh and rich and mellow, as to make listeners think of Shelley's sky lark cleaving the air with its wings and soaring heavenwards as it sings. Mr. Tracey was never in the music room, being much occupied with a German translation which he had promised for a given date; and so hurried was he that, finding Agatha a good German scholar, he, upon several occasions, accepted the assistance which she offered; for this was work that Agatha delighted in. As the time drew near for its completion, she became more and more engrossed by her assumed labors, until not even the attractions of the music-room possessed sufficient power to detain her long from her fascinating occupation. This state of things lasted until the sullen November sky, which had seemed to pile up thicker and darker clouds day after day, stood out at last deep and blue, and there was no more rain or fog, for 'the former things had passed away.' And now, Agatha made her guests ride and drive and walk, and enjoy the glorious weather to her heart's content and their own; and wherever they went, there Paul Howard was also; and when they returned to the house after their various excursions, his rich baritone voice blended with Mrs. Tracey's in song after song, while Agatha sat at the library table with Mr. Tracey, helping him to recover the time he lost. One day, when Mrs. Tracey entered the library, and found Agatha elbow deep nearly in sheets of manuscript, which she was busily revising before submitting to her companion in literary labors, she said, sitting down beside her:

"How good you are to my husband! I am sure nothing would tempt me to make such a drudge of myself. I do not see how you can translate one chapter, and Carroll the next, and not have it observable in the style of the translation."

"I confess that surprises me," answered Agatha, "but Mr. Tracey says that no one would ever know that the chapters had not all been translated by the same person; and I can see that it is so myself. I think there must be some sympathy between us, or that we must be *en rapport*. This passage which I have just translated will explain the mystery;" and Agatha read, "I am almost afraid there must exist some affinity between us, or we would not so quickly discovered what was sympathetic in each of us, nor would we have learned so soon to speak with such unreserved candor and to understand each other by a mere word or hint."

Mr. Tracey, who had held his pen idly in his hand, while Agatha read, his handsome head still bent over his work, now glanced up at her. Their eyes met; one quick look of appreciative recognition, soul speaking with soul, as it were, and he was once more hard at work. His eyes were peculiar eyes, with long dark lashes, of that pure grey which one rarely meets with; and as Agatha caught this glance, a disturbing memory seized her and haunted her with dim recollections which she could not bring to the light. They surely reminded her of other eyes that she had seen, but when and where she could not recall.

"Do you like German novels?" asked Mrs. Tracey.

"They have a great fascination for me, but I cannot say that I like them as I do the works of Charlotte Bronte, Kingsley, George Eliot and other English authors. When compared with these authors, writers of the German school seem to possess but little merit."

"But the German novels are so much more intellectual. Have you read 'On the Heights?'"

"I commenced it, but I could not finish it. I did not think that even you with all your romance, could have patience to wade through that book."

"I have read it three times from beginning to end, and I consider it the novel of the age. I almost know it by heart—pages of it at least. Tell me, Agatha, where you will find a book with such deep, grand and suggestive studies of human life as its pages unfold. I admit that there are some German novels which you cannot read without feeling bewildered before you reach the end, as to what is right and what is wrong, but in all the morals questions treated of by Auerbach in that novel, there is not one that falls below humanity's highest ideal. I wish some people whom I could name would read it, it would do the work of an apostle."

"I hope you do not know any people naughty enough to need such an apostle; and if you did, you may rest assured that book would not help them much," replied Agatha. "As for books that bewilder one as to what is right and what is wrong—I never saw any such, and I hope I never may. What are you reading now?"

"One of Spielhagen's—'From Night to Light,'—but I must not interrupt you any longer, for I see signs on Carroll's face that our chattering is disturbing him."

"Not at all. I am only at a loss for a word here that expresses enough, without expressing too much," said Mr. Tracey, taking up Agatha's copy of the book they were translating, and turning the leaves until he found the passage he was at work upon, pointing it out to her, saying, "I wish you would glance over this, and then tell me how you would render the passage." They held the book between them, looking over it together, and in doing so their hands met. Mr. Tracey withdrew his with such suddenness as to disconcert Agatha, whose face grew crimson. "Let us each write out the translation and then compare them," she said.

Mr. Tracey assented, and in a few moments the translations lay side by side. Bending over them, each read that of the other. Simultaneously, they both looked up.

"What a singular coincidence!" exclaimed Agatha, her voice as clear as the peal of a sweet-toned bell.

"It is more than a coincidence," replied Carroll Tracey; but his voice was husky like that of one who seeks to smother down some deep feeling. He resumed his work again, leaning his head wearily on one hand as he wrote with the other; his clear-cut profile turned towards Agatha, whose eyes still rested upon him, as if questioning some explanation. There were lines of care and sorrow in his singularly handsome face, which made it even more attractive than it would have been without them; and as Agatha glanced from him to his wife, she wondered what was the mystery of their life; for that there was one she had not been long in discovering.

"Mildred, come here," she called, "I want to show you what a strange thing has happened. Mr. Tracey and I were translating the same passage. Read it, and see what an involved sentence it is, and how enigmatically the author has expressed himself."

Mrs. Tracey took the book, read the passage, and answered, "I have not the remotest idea what he wishes to say. I should call it the most transcendental of all transcendental ideas. What do you make of it?"

Agatha, without speaking, handed her the two half-sheets of paper, and there were the two translations precisely the same, word for word, as if one had been copied from the other, and one was in the handwriting of Carroll Tracey, and the other in Agatha's.

"You must have each made your translations aloud," said Mrs. Tracey.

"We did not, but no one will ever believe us. I feel an awfully weird sort of feeling, as if Mephistopheles had been standing at our elbows, and had himself dictated what we have written."

As Mrs. Tracey walked back with her book to the window seat, where she had been reading, she said:

"A decided case of affinity. I expect you will be my successor, Agatha."

"Which shows what an amazing amount of conceit you have in behalf of your husband," she replied, in no way embarrassed.

At this moment a servant brought in the card of Mr. Paul Howard to Mrs. Tracey, and she left the library to join him in the music-room.

Agatha, hard at work, never noticed that Carroll Tracey had laid aside his pen, and was regarding her steadfastly; but with a look in his eyes as though he were lost in a reverie. Suddenly looking up at last, she noticed him, and said:

"Mr. Tracey, what are you thinking of?"

"I daresay you would not feel the least interest, Miss Lee, if I were to tell you. And yet, what woman's heart is without pity? I was thinking of a friend who has made the greatest mistake in his life that a man can make; and so, thrown all his chances for happiness in this world away."

"Poor fellow! but what is the greatest mistake that a man can make? I have no idea."

"To act from a mistaken sense of duty in points involving the happiness of others as well as his own."

"But a mistake acknowledged can surely be rectified. Where there is no sin—no crime, a mistake cannot be fatal in its consequences. In fact, as I believe, what we look upon sometimes as mistakes, are but events necessary to the unfolding and highest development of our powers. Possibly your friend may live to discover that his mistake will lead him into the greatest happiness of his life."

"Into its greatest misery rather, the misery of bringing home to him the daily contemplation of what 'might have been' but for his folly."

"Standing in the dark as I do in reference to your friend's error, of course I cannot judge for him; but if he has no greater misery to bear than the contemplation of what might have been if he instead of Providence had had the ordering and directing of his steps, I should advise him to put more trust in God and less in his own capabilities."

"That is a woman's way of reasoning."

"'Vous etes femme; vous ne comprenez rien,' Count de Gobineau puts in the mouth of one of his characters; you go further and say, 'Vous etes femme; vous ne savez rien.'"

"God forbid! on the contrary, I think with Goethe that men possessing the highest natures must have much of the woman in them, so exalted is my opinion of the sex. But I have never seen a woman who could reason logically; or rather, to speak literally, I have never seen a woman who could argue logically, that I would ever care to meet again."

"Which is equivalent to saying that you have met women who have driven you to the wall in argument, is it not?"

"I daresay it might be so construed, but my meaning was, that women who are logical are generally so unwomanly, in one way or another, as to lose their greatest charms as women."

"Then, as you do not like reasoning women, you no doubt like impulsive ones."

"I like impulsive women who have sufficient strength of character to control and direct their impulses, instead of allowing their impulses to govern them upon all occasions."

"And I like men who are able to govern circumstances, and who are not so weak as to be governed by them, drifting with the tide into situations where they never would have drifted had they but chosen at the right moment to give two or three resolute strokes of the oar."

"I thought you were a believer in destiny."

"In destiny?—no. In Providence?—yes. But 'God helps those who help themselves,' and when mortals have acted to the best of their ability, working for some good end, and not for an evil one, good is sure to follow sooner or later. Your friend may have acted from a mistaken sense of duty, but the very fact that he did act from that sense is an assurance that he has made no mistake."

"I trust that you, Miss Lee, will never make a mistake so fatal to your happiness in this life, as to convince you that your faith in Providence has been misplaced. The God in whom I believe has made us all free agents, to work out our own happiness or misery as we will; and having placed this power in our hands, He never interferes to do away with the consequences of our errors."

"This is a subject that admits of no reasoning, no explanations; but as I look upon life, my conviction of my own existence is not stronger than is my belief in this rendering of a passage from Scripture—'All things work together for good to those who work for good.' The promise is not given to the man who folds his hands and says, 'Destiny must be accomplished, thou canst only sit still, and not shrink away from it;' but to him who works for the accomplishment of his aims and ends. Did you ever come across this grand old Catholic hymn?

> God's justice is a bed, where we
> Our anxious hearts may lay,
> And weary with ourselves may sleep
> Our discontent away.
>
> For right is right since God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin.

Roman Catholics seem never to forget one thing, which our Saviour died for—which, in fact, He lived for, and was sent into the world for, namely, to teach us submission to the will of God."

"I cannot see God's will in any rash acts of our own; if I could I would soon learn the lesson of submission. A man's life seems to me only a series of perpetual blunders; and just as he arrives at an age to profit by his experiences and become wiser, his mental and bodily powers fail him, or else the end comes, and he dies like the worm he is."

What an utterable sadness settled upon Carroll Tracey's face as he said these words! He continued:

"When one has drifted into the darkest night of an ice-bound Polar sea for want of the few resolute strokes, which you spoke of, that might have guided his barque into a tropical bay, one has fears that the beyond may also have dark and wintry seas, as well as summery havens."

"It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath in store for them that love him," quoted Agatha in reply, her fine eyes beaming with the zealous faith in her heart.

"But it has entered into the heart of man to conceive and to promise just what he desires that life to be: one of rest and ease, streets of gold, gates of pearl, walls of jacinth. He has pictured the material where all is immaterial. We know no more of the life to come than we know from day to day here what our lives will unfold to us."

"But we do know," answered Agatha, her face lighted by the inspiration within—a very prophetess, she seemed, as her kindling soul looked out of her eyes—"but we do know that, whether here or there, we are in the hands of One whom we can trust, even if we cannot see whither our footsteps tend; and though I do not know your friend, I feel, from what you have told me, that however fatal he may consider his mistake, if he waits and trusts, he will find some day that it was only an evil permitted in order to bring to him some great good—perhaps the greatest blessing of his life, as I have before said."

Carroll Tracey could not resist the impulse that came to him to lift Agatha's hand to his lips, tenderly, reverentially almost, and as he did so, he said:

"He *will* wait, and trust."

Just a shade of embarrassment flitted over Agatha's calm face, as, drawing her hand away, and rising, she said:

"Let us join Mildred and Mr. Howard. I am thirsty for some music, and those old ballads that they are singing please me more than any opera music."

"Pray excuse me; I am not in the mood for listening to any ballads. Nothing less stormy than the Freischutz would be in unison with my spirits to-night. Neither do I fancy that Howard. Pardon my saying so, if he is a friend of yours, but I do not consider him a gentleman."

"He is only an acquaintance," answered Agatha; "but I feel quite sure that Colonel Potten would never have brought Mr. Howard here, and introduced him, if he had not some claim to being considered a gentleman."

"Nevertheless, I have already cautioned Mildred not to encourage his visits. If she call us 'German mad,' we can certainly retort by calling them 'music-mad.'"

Scarcely had the door closed upon Agatha when Mr. Tracey arose, and, with bent head, and hands behind him, restlessly paced the apartment as one sometimes sees

a caged animal in his den, but not one word escaped him to reveal the tenor of his thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL POTTEN AND PAUL HOWARD BECOME CONFIDENTIAL.

For he that once hath missed the right way
The farther he doth go, the farther he doth stray. —*Spenser's Faery Queen.*

Colonel Potten had ceased his visits at Mr. Lee's villa after paying his call upon Mr. and Mrs. Tracey, and introducing his friend to Miss Lee in proper form. He found no difficulty in believing that friend's assurance that it was not at all necessary that he should do violence to his inclinations and accompany him in his frequent visits, as Miss Lee and Carroll Tracey were as well mated in their tastes and pursuits as were he and Mrs. Tracey. Never suspecting any weakness upon the part of Colonel Potten for 'the saint,' as he always called Agatha, he often sent shafts that would have been cruel ones had he known the state of his friend's feelings.

"No, old fellow, you are far better off at home with your books and your cigars than you would be trying to do the civil to people who just now have no thoughts for anyone but themselves. If you feel any interest, however, as to the result, I don't mind making a bet with you as to which succeeds first, Tracey or myself. As I look at it, it is about half a dozen of one and six of the other.

"If I were to make any wager where the honor of women is concerned, it would be that my neighbor and friend, Miss Lee, is fully competent to take such care of her own honor that no man who possessed any would seek to cast a slur upon it," said Colonel Potten angrily.

"Have it as you choose, but I beg of you do not make a grizzly bear of yourself," was Paul Howard's only answer.

Upon the day of the conversation narrated in the last chapter he returned home in a state of unwonted exhilaration after a long walk on the cliffs with Mrs. Tracey. Colonel Potten, sitting in his library in a listless, moody frame of mind, heard him whistling the air of the song 'She is mine, she is mine,' as he crossed the strip of lawn that lay between the house and the boundary hedge of the property. As he opened the hall door his mellow voice broke out into the words, and never before had he sung them in such glad, exultant, triumphant tones.

"I have not heard that song for the last ten days. You were always humming it or whistling it before," said Colonel Potten, roused from his reverie.

"I have had a fit of the blue-devils for just that time. The rascals never stuck by me so long in my life; but it is always darkest just before day, you know," answered Howard, throwing himself full length upon the yielding, couch-like lounge.

"You were born under a lucky star. There is a devilish sight more in luck than in brains."

"Do you think me wanting in that commodity?"

"By no means; but let a man have ever so much, and he might as well go and hang himself, as far as any successes with women are concerned, if his star is not propitious."

Howard surveyed complacently his well-shaped foot as he answered, "I flatter myself that I do not owe everything to my star; that I possess some attractions in myself. I am not badly made. I stand six feet lacking one inch (when I wear my highest heeled boots), and I have seen men with less distinguished faces than the one I own."

Colonel Potten glanced at the physically superb man stretched out on the lounge before him. The Apollo head, set on a neck and shoulders worthy of it, was half buried in the garnet velvet cushion, against which his hair fell back from a forehead as white as ivory—black hair with shades of red flickering through it, such as artists love to paint; long reddish-brown lashes, and eyes that, in the reflected light of the blazing cannel coal, were velvety and glowing as those of a panther about to spring upon his prey. The soft, silken moustache was almost blonde, but with the same reddish hue warming it, coaxed back to reveal the sensuous mouth. The nose, chin, and cheeks were well cut, and of marble texture. Taking him all in all, there were few men his equal in personal attractions, not the least of which, in the eyes of some, were his rollicking ways, as well as the enchanting voice, which was fully as musical in conversation as in song.

"The gods were not niggardly in their gifts to you, it is true; but had you not been born under a lucky star, I still contend they would have. Fate and Luck have it all their own way in this world," said Colonel Potten, after making an inventory in his mind of his friend's striking points.

"Well, when my star bestows a fortune upon me, I shall believe in it—not before. By Jove! if I had money, my course would be clear."

"That is what everyone thinks who has it not; but I do not find that those who have it see their way any better than those who are not burdened with this world's goods."

"Well, I don't mind telling you what I would do, if I were blessed with a fortune. I say, old fellow, I wish you wouldn't fire up so whenever I speak of 'the saint.' She may have been all ice and snow to other men, but I have seen a light in her eyes when she talks to Tracey that proves she is not ice to him. How long have they known each other?"

"How should I know?" answered Colonel Potten, seizing the poker, and making vigorous thrusts at the blazing coal, which sent showers of sparks up the chimney.

"If Mrs. Tracey had the faintest touch of jealousy, it would help my cause; but, unfortunately, she has not. Things have come to such a pass, that morning, noon, and night they sit in the library—never even looking into the music-room—professedly occupied with a translation; but I feel sure there is more at the bottom than shows at the surface. Still waters run deep, you know."

"Yes, and shallow waters are always babbling ones. You don't know what you are talking about. If Tracey had an atom of heart, which by the way he was never accused of possessing—for we were at the University together, and I knew him well—he would not waste it on a woman who laughs at all lovers, and who never goes beyond friendship with any man. I would like to see him, a married man, make love to her, with her strait-laced ideas! Besides Tracey himself is a model of propriety. Who ever heard of his being involved with any woman? You might almost say he never looks at one. Why, he has no eyes for his wife even."

"Well, that last argument *is* conclusive, I admit; and yet there have been cases within the memory of man in which men with pretty wives noticed those of their neighbors more than their own. Possibly, as you say Platonic love is Saint Agatha's hobby, their ambition is to set the world an example of a genuine attachment of that sort."

"Which, within equal possibility, you and Mrs. Tracey will take much pleasure in following."

"That is the unkindest cut of all! What have I ever done to make you think so badly of me? Platonic love, indeed!—Platonic humbug, I should say. There is no such thing in this world; and I have not so poor an opinion of the next as to fancy it may exist there."

"You forgot Chateaubriand and Madame Recamier, Madame de Sevigne and her friends, and all the other Platonic attachments recorded in biographies and memoirs."

"Yes, Abelard and Heloise, and all; all of the same sort in my eyes. Do you suppose that all this twaddle about friendship was for any other purpose than to mislead, or that those French *bas bleus* disclosed their real sentiments in their letters any more than we do in our letters in this generation? We all wear masks, and all of us are in solemn earnest in our efforts to obey the eleventh commandment—'Be sure that your sins do not find you out'—however much we may disregard the other ten. I find the world of society divided into two classes, the humanely virtuous, and the rigidly virtuous, and all my experience goes to show that the latter class includes the worst sinners in their ranks."

"Then you must class yourself with the rigidly virtuous."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG.

BY A. T.

To dream, and then to sleep
Until the morn return!
An hour of watch to keep,
A little lamp to burn.

To weave but make no end,
To sing and lose the song,
Where busy footsteps wend
Among the world's gay throng.

To know that day is here,
To see that spring has gone,
And summer's death is near—
And still the hours roll on.

We fall, we fade, we die,
Yet once 'twixt death and birth
To know Love's kiss, Love's sigh,
Is light of heaven on earth.

My God! Thy sun is sweet,
If, ere the twilight come,
Love walk with sacred feet
Across our naked room.

THE BULLFINCH.

BY F. J. O'B.

I.

KAMM'S WORK-SHOP.

Charles Kamm was a fine young fellow of the Teutonic type, with long fair hair, blue eyes, and a slender, well-knit figure, and an enthusiast in his profession of theatrical boot-maker with an establishment situated on a little street which, at that time, faced the rear of one of the large theatres in New York. His shop was situated between two large houses, and was of such limited dimensions that it looked as if it had wandered about for a location, and had crept into the first chink it could find.

The smallness of the interior accommodations, however, accounted for such a large amount of the stock spluraging out on the pavement, for it seemed as if the tiny little house had been squeezed so tight by its two big neighbors that it had burst. There was a large glass case on the sidewalk which was filled with articles of Mr. Kamm's cunning workmanship. Here it was that his genius was visible. Boys spent hours gazing with open mouths at the treasures contained in this repository of art.

There were long yellow boots with red heels that were so muscular about the calves that they looked as if they could walk by themselves. Then there were nice little white satin slippers, embroidered with gold, that called up visions of constellations of tiny feet, all flashing into air at a certain chord given by the orchestra, and gradually alluring the eye to white petals of crinoline which blossomed about a perfect garden of rosy faces and budding bosoms.

All the elegant varieties of boots and shoes that tread the mimic world were to be seen in Charles Kamm's glass-case. Did you want a Roman sandal, or a Turkish slipper, or an Irish brogan, Kamm was equal to the feat, and would turn you out either as perfectly as if he owned the book of fashion-plates of the time of Roscius, and had spent most of his life on the shores of the Golden Horn, or digging turf on the bog of Allen.

When he came to embroidery, Kamm displayed himself. He had all the invention of Graun, whose floral designs for natural intricacy have never been surpassed. The impossible golden and scarlet flowers that wandered over the feet and ran carelessly up the calves of his boots, were not to be surpassed. On leather he was great, but when he came to satin, he was without parallel. He created a new Flora. The glowing blossoms that crept over his court-shoes had no similitude in nature, and I think privately, that nature was the worse for it.

I have said that Kamm was an enthusiast in his profession. It was good to see him at the theatre on the night of first performances, to which he had at first contributed the great Belvidere's boots. He was always there before the curtain drew up, and sat in the back row of the parquette, where he was presently joined by Umber, the scene-painter, an amiable little man, with a charming feeling for color, and a thick, shaggy kind of voice, as if his throat was lined with frieze, and the sound had brought away some of the wool with it. Umber naturally enough came to watch the effect of his scenery, but Kamm was there to behold the triumph of his boots. When Belvidere appeared, it was not the actor that, in Kamm's mind, received the plauditory greetings, but the boots. Kamm's criticisms terminated at Belvidere's knees. All above that was a blank. A pair of boots impassioned, a pair of boots in a state of virtuous indignation, a pair of boots drunk, a pair of boots penitent, and at last a pair of boots married, was all that Kamm beheld during the performance. If the boots were called before the curtain, Kamm was proud, and after having his quiet glass of lager with Umber, over which each would talk of his own performances, the one on canvas, the other on leather, the pleased boot-maker would retire to his solitary little shop in Crosby street and go to bed peacefully with Bully hanging in his cage by his bed-side.

Bully was the great solace of the boot-maker's lonely life. When he was at work during the day-time on splendid fabrics of Cordovan leather, knightly leggings and kingly buskins, Bully, hanging near by in a pretty little cage, constructed after the model of a Swiss chalet, where the water-bottle occupied the principal drawing-room, and the hemp-seed was kept in the best bed-room, cheered Kamm's solitude with pretty little melodies, slow German waltzes and volkslied, whistled in those low, plaintive notes peculiar to the piping bullfinch. For Bully, as my reader has guessed before now, was nothing more than one of those rosy-breasted, slate backed, jetty-crested familiar little birds that are so friendly and affectionate to those that pet them, and who learn with facility to whistle certain kinds of mild melodies of a not very complicated character.

Kamm's bullfinch was more than ordinarily intelligent. He enjoyed the freedom of the shop, issuing from his cage at will and roaming through the wilderness of scraps of leather, bits of wax, balls of thread, books of gold-leaf, morsels of resplendent lace, and all the paraphernalia that crowd the work-shop of a theatrical boot-maker. He delighted principally in accumulating those bristles which are attached to the waxed threads with which leather-work is sewed, and when he had picked up a sufficient quantity to his bill, he immediately proceeded to make a nest with them in Kamm's hair. As this was invariably a fruitless operation, he was in the end obliged to give it up, and consoled himself by whistling "Life let us cherish," in rather a solemn and dirge like manner, to the great delight of Kamm, in whose opinion the performance was superior to the most brilliant efforts of Vieuxtemps on the violin, or Gottschalk on the piano. Tender and affectionate to his master as Bully was, and docile as he proved himself in learning those tunes which the young boot-maker whistled to him over and over again as he worked at his trade, there was one streak of rebellion in the red-breasted pet. He could not be induced by any art to whistle "Roslyn Castle," which was a particular favorite with Kamm. All day long the boot-maker would slowly and laboriously whistle the first bars of the plaintive old strain, weaving his head backward and forward so as to impress the time on the bird, and Bully, after paying profound attention, would, when his master had concluded, strike up with an air of cool satisfaction, Pleyel's German hymn, or "God Save the Emperor."

This obstinacy on the part of his favorite was a source of considerable annoyance to Kamm, and he occasionally used to break into a furious passion with his feathered pupil, and storm at him, so that the poor frightened bird would retreat to his cage and sullenly sit there for hours, until his master relented, and proclaimed an armistice by a low, affectionate whistle.

II.

CINDERELLA.

It was a fine day in autumn, just at the commencement of the theatrical season, when Kamm, whose book overflowed with orders from the various actors, was busy at work on a pair of boots for Mr. Belvidere, with the bullfinch perched on his shoulder, croaking like a diminutive raven, or arranging his feathers with great care, or occasionally climbing down on Kamm's coat-collar, until he got within reach of his mouth, where he would peck a kiss to him and gravely re-ascend to his former position.

"Come, Bully," said Kamm, passing between two stitches, and catching the bird in his hand, which operation was followed by an indignant "quick—come, it's time for your lesson."

Bully resigned himself somewhat sullenly to a position on the back of a chair fronting the shoemaker, who began, with the weaving motion of his head, to whistle "Roslyn Castle." Very sweetly he whistled. The notes were full of a country wildness, and in the peculiar break by which they were characterized, resembled that wild music called the Jodel by the Swiss peasants.

Bully instantly assumed an attitude of profound attention. His head was cocked on one side, and one black, bright, intelligent eye was fixed on his master. He was as immovable as if he had been stuffed, while the sweet, melancholy air in a silver thread issued vibrating from the bootmaker's lips. The air then ceased. Bully retained his attitude of attention for a moment or two, then finding that the strain was over, he drew himself up proudly, erected his jetty crest, puffed out his rosy corselet, and with swollen throat and a quaint swing of the body and and flirt of the tail, he joyously burst into "*Ah! vous dirai je maman.*"

"Confound you for an obstinate little pig!" cried Kamm, enraged; "will you never learn that tune, you red-breasted idiot? I'll flog it into you—by all that's great I will!" and so saying he proceeded to catch his unhappy pet and belabor him with a bristle with such earnestness that one would have imagined that he intended to hurt him.

"O Mr. Kamm, please don't beat the little bird!" cried a voice at this juncture. "I'm sure he sings very sweetly. I've been listening to him outside the door for two minutes."

"Ah! is that you, Miss Grace?" answered Kamm, with a lava-like rush of blood flooding his temples, as he greeted a pretty, piquant girl of about sixteen years of age, who tripped into the little shop, and held one little hand raised threateningly against the shoemaker, while Bully, escaping from his relaxed grasp, flew to his Swiss cottage, where he secluded himself in the attic with an air that indicated an eternal abandonment of the pomps and vanities of the world.

"Yes, it's me, Kamm," said the little lady, "and I don't like to see you so cruel."

"Bless you, Miss, I ain't cruel, no how. You see I want to get the bird to whistle "Roslyn Castle," a fine old air, Miss; and though I've been teaching him a year and more, he goes against me all he can, and won't do it. So I make believe to be angry with him, that's all."

"Well, you frighten him, and that's cruel. Poor little fellow! perhaps 'Roslyn Castle' is too high for his voice."

This was the comic view of the question, and they both burst out laughing, which merriment on the part of his oppressors seemed to Bully to be an additional insult, for he got as near his imitation chimneys as possible, and turned his back on mankind.

"What can I do for you to-day, Miss Grace?" asked Kamm as soon as he had given her a chair, the seat of which he carefully wiped.

"I want a pair of yellow galter boots for the new piece, Kamm. It is a burlesque, and I play the Princess Jaberatung, of the Polyglot Islands. I am disguised as a boy, by the connivance of my father, because in the Polyglot Islands there is a law against woman's studying any branch of knowledge, and I have the greatest passion for learning languages. The King of Lingualia, a neighboring territory, who is also a great lover of languages, gives notice that he will give the hand of his daughter to the man who will speak in the greatest number of tongues. There is a great tournament held, and I, although a woman, enter the list just for the fun of the thing. I overcome all opponents, until at last a stranger appears, who calls himself Prince Lexicon, and who, after three days' struggle, conquers me by addressing me in the Skylitchee language, the only known tongue with which I am not familiar. The Prince also secretly informs me that he is aware of my sex, and that he will not claim the King's daughter, but prefers to teach me the language of love. The the King is enraged at his daughter's hand being slighted, and imprisons the Prince and pursues me. I escape with difficulty, and in the end rescue the Prince just as he is about to be beheaded, and all ends happy with our marriage in Consonant Castle, on the lake of Verbs. And, Mr. Belvidere plays the Prince, and O, Mr. Kamm! he sings a song in the piece so beautifully!"

"Why, that must be a very pretty piece, Miss Grace. I suppose it's for that Mr. Belvidere ordered the scarlet boots with the gold tassels."

"Well, if Mr. Belvidere's boots are to be as handsome as that, Kamm, I hope that you'll make mine lovely, for you know he is to marry me."

"I hope not, Miss Grace," said Kamm gravely, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

"Oh! I mean on the stage, you know," said Miss Grace quickly. "Why, I'd rather do I don't know what than marry him really, with his airs, and his great conceited blue eyes, which he thinks so much of. Hadn't you better take my measure? And now, Kamm, I want you to make them the cunningest little things you can think of."

And so saying, the little danseuse put a very pretty little foot up on a stool, and Kamm, measuring-tape in hand, knelt as if in adoration before it.

"So you wouldn't marry Mr. Belvidere, Miss Grace?" said the shoemaker as he bound the arching instep with the graduated tape.

"No, I don't like him a bit," was the decided reply.

"Ah! but you're hard to please," said Kamm, with a heavy sigh and a timid glance at the pretty face that bent over him as he knelt.

"No, I'm not, Mr. Kamm; not at all. But I do like a man to have a good heart, and some respect for women. I don't think Mr. Belvidere has either. Now, I'm sure I'm simple enough in my tastes, for I often remember with pleasure that day when we went out on our excursion to Hackensack, you and I and mother, and had that nice cold dinner at the queer little English inn called the Three Pigeons, and which reminded us all of Goldsmith's comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and how jolly everything was, and —and—the drive home——"

"And," continued Kamm, rising and taking advantage of what seemed to be a momentary confusion on Grace's part, "and that pleasure that I shall never forget, the first time I ever pressed your hand with my own great clumsy paw, the first time that I ever felt a little hope springing up in my heart about you."

Grace suddenly drew down her foot and stood half-startled, half-expectant before the earnest shoemaker, who, measure in hand, and all unconscious of apron continued:

"You see, I never said any thing about it since. To tell you the truth, I was afraid of you, Miss Grace, you are so much above me, and you know so much finer people than I am; but I can't help loving you, Miss Grace—I can't indeed; and I'm sure it would be the joy of my life to have the privilege and pleasure of working for you and watching over you; and if I thought—if I thought——"

Here the poor fellow stopped, evidently overpowered or afraid to go on any further.

Grace, with that *aplomb* which the stage gives to even the most modest of girls, put her hand plumply into the bootmaker's and said:

"Kamm, you are an honest, sensible man, and I'll treat you as one. I like you. Come and see my mother this evening."

Kamm kissed the neat little hand, and feeling that the thing had gone as far as it ought just then, quietly knelt down and took her measure for the fairy boots.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIVERTON.

BY MRS. E. F. BAER.

I first saw it in the winsome month of May, and although something of the desolation of war still clung about the farm, the wilderness of rich Spring flowers, the gay trills of the thousand songsters, the lowing of the cattle, the green foliage of the orchard, the silent rolling river with its sloping banks—covered with velvet sward and dipping into the limpid water, the dusky faces of the servants as they moved about their several duties, were so very, very different from anything I had ever experienced, that I found myself lost in a maze of wonder.

"Riverton," my husband's birthplace, was a grand old mansion, situated on the left bank of the Rappahanock, environed by a grove of fine old oaks, that lifted their heads far above the gabled roofs, and whispered their mysterious gossip to each other undisturbed by nether objects.

"Well, Helen, how do you like these grey old walls?" was the question that aroused me from my most delightful reverie, and I turned to meet my husband's inquiring glance.

"So much that were I in your place, Maurice, I should never leave them. Surely, dear, there is room for both you and Walter here."

A spasm of pain contracted his face for a moment, at least I imagined so, but he replied gaily enough:

"Room sufficient for us all I grant you, my pretty darling; but my field of work lies far away from here. However, I am glad, Helen, that you like the homestead, and would not have you carry away one unpleasant recollection. But here comes aunt Jeannie, the last, but not the least, to welcome us home."

I laughed right merrily at the pleasantry, for the figure of the old negress, as she waddled toward us, was certainly the oddest I had ever seen.

Corpulent to obesity, and short almost to dwarfishness, she came rolling along, her black face shining with expectant pleasure, while her short, yellow gown—scanty in proportion—scarcely touched the tops of her heavy brogans. A huge red bandanna 'kerchief surmounted her head and completed the singular costume.

Another moment and my husband was in her arms, while tears of gladness ran down her roughly furrowed cheeks.

"Laws, child! I never 'spected to see you back to the ole place agin. Ole Jinnie never thought to set eyes on your face in this here world. When I done heard you was coming for sure, I jist put off to Marse Patterson's over the way, to see about spring chickens, 'cause I knows how fond you air of 'em. That's what I come from this blessed minnit."

As soon as Maurice could put in a word, he introduced me to his quondam nurse, who it seems had clung to the family whom she had partly reared, in spite of the intoxicating delights of freedom, and now reigned supreme as housekeeper at Riverton, for be it known the talented young master of the fine old estate had never married.

Aunt Jeannie and I were soon on excellent terms; indeed in the delightful days that followed our arrival, one of my chief pleasures was to wander into the large, airy kitchen and watch the old housekeeper as she bustled about her preserving, pickling, and pie-baking, sparing neither words or blows on the half-grown help under her supervision.

Here was a phase of human nature of which I had known nothing, and I enjoyed the contact while I revelled in the rich Southern idiom, of which I had heard so much. It was the unfolding of a new leaf in life to me, and I entered into the perusal with all of a girl's keen zest for novelty.

But was it fancy that led me to think that my husband was less gay, that his smile was less frequent, his jests fewer, and his conversation duller than usual since his stay at Riverton?

Walter was all that a brother could be, and showered on us a thousand little attentions that could only emanate from a pure affection. So I put the thought from me, and determined to be happy on this last May day.

I finer morning I had never known, I thought, as I stepped out on the piazza with my hat, ready for a long walk.

A brilliant sun, a cloudless sky, the gay notes of the Virginia mocking bird, the busy bees flitting from flower to flower, the dew sparkling diamond-like on every spray of grass, formed a vivid scene, filling me with an enthusiasm that will bear no description.

I stopped for an instant to take in the fresh air, when I caught sight of Maurice lying on a rustic bench a few yards distant.

He held something in his hand on which he was gazing most intensely, while his attitude betokened a deep dejection.

I don't think it was a vulgar curiosity that led me to steal noiselessly down the steps, and, gliding up to the back of the bench, steal a look at the picture in his hand. If it was, Heaven knows I was fearfully punished.

One long look at the fatally beautiful face, one dull throb of my heart, as if it were its last, and I turned away just as a groan of anguish broke from my husband's lips.

I went back to my room with every nerve quivering with pain. Nature was no longer inviting; all the calm beauty which had lured me out, was changed in a moment; even joy turned to pain. Can I ever forget the agony of that hour? My husband of thirty days, the one idol of my whole life, had grossly deceived me. He had wooed me as only talented, eloquent men can woo, had whispered his love in the most enticing manner, telling me that I was the first woman that had ever cost him a heart-throb. And now, ere a month had passed, I find him worshipping another's face, with signs of the terrible struggle escaping his lips.

I think none of us—not even the meekest of our sex—quite likes to see herself supplanted by another, and it hurts our egotism to know we are not the first to stir the waters of the soul which we have won. Be that as it may, I threw myself on the bed in a paroxysm of jealous weeping, the scalding tears seeming to burn their way over my cheeks as they fell on the pillow.

How long I had sobbed and tortured myself thus, I know not, when the door opened and aunt Jeannie's rough voice woke me from my grief.

"De Lord bress my soul! Cryin' till your purty face is all spiled. What's de matter, honey; tell ole Jinnie de trouble."

A sudden idea seized me. If that girl was an old lover of Maurice's, who would be so like to know all about it as this old negress, who had nursed him from a baby? And without pausing to consider the dignity—does jealousy ever wear any dignity?—of the proceeding, I answered most bluntly:

"Maurice has deceived me, for he told me that I was his only love, and just now I saw him looking at a most beautiful photograph, moaning as if his heart would break. You know who it is, auntie; I see it in your face, and if you care for me you will tell me the truth about it, and nothing but the truth."

I was wild with excitement now, and did not weigh my words. She did not shrink from my gaze, but sat down, folded her hands over her lap, and slowly replied:

"De Lord bress me! but I never 'spected to insurrect that poor chile agin. She was purty, you said?" glancing at me inquiringly.

"The picture? Yes, beautiful!"

"With long curls about her face?"

"Yes."

"And great big eyes, jest like stars?"

"Yes, yes; but for Heaven's sake, who is she?" I cried impatiently.

"Well, Miss Nellie, you have gone and done a very foolish thing to judge my boy that way," said the old woman solemnly. "De Lord knows as how he is innocent of it all. That air picture is Miss Celia's, and that poor boy has shed more'n one tear over it. But maybe you never heard tell of Miss Celia?"

"Never!" I exclaimed, growing nervous again.

"Jist like Marster Maurice, to keep de poor girl's story from you. I'll tell you all about it, though I never 'spected to talk of her again. Well, she was this boy's only sister, and the han'somest girl in these parts. Walter and Maurice loved the ground she walked on, and the old Judge never got tired of her purty ways. I never can tell you how it happened, but Miss Celia went to Richmond for a month, and when she came back, a man calling himself a gentleman came with her. I don't remember his name, but it was Count somethin'—I never could call it right—but it soon came out that he was in love with Miss Celia. The Judge he frowned, and the boys begins to look black, and trouble was in the family for the fust time since Missis died. At last the Count was told to stay away from the house; and Miss Celia, as proud as a peacock, refused to leave her room until the order was took back, and all peace in the family was broken up. But that wasn't the wust of it, for one morning in May, jist eight years ago to-day, Miss Helen, that headstrong girl was missing—gone left home, father and brothers—for a furriner, too. A change settled over the family; the house was closed, the Judge buried hisself in his library, Walter went to college, and Maurice, my wild, fun-making boy, turned like the grave and began to study for a preacher. One year after she came back, poor thing, and died in the home whar she had been born, and we buried her along with the little baby in the grave-yard on the hill. A few hours afore she died, the poor blessed lamb called de Judge to her, and, with her head on ole Jinny's bosom, told him all her trouble. Miss Helen, 'twixt you and me," said the old woman, dropping her voice to a low whisper, "no preacher had spoke over them, and the Count turned up to be a gambler from way down South. He took her away, sold her jewelry and fine fixin's, and then left her to starve. From the hour when she told him all, de ole Judge never held up his head, and soon followed her: and from that day to the day he brought you here, Marster Maurice had never been to Riverton. It is her picter, Miss Helen, the face of his sister, who used to play with him, that the young Marster is moaning over to-day," finished Aunt Jeannie solemnly, her language having lost much of its brokenness in her earnestness.

I rose from my chair, my cheeks burning with shame, kissed her plump on the mouth, and went out to my husband, with the demon Jealousy thoroughly throttled in my bosom.

I understood many things now that had seemed strange before in Maurice's conduct, such as his very evident reluctance to accept Walter's invitation to take Riverton in our bridal tour, for it had been after considerable persuasion on my part that he had consented to do so.

I understood it all now; and with a new respect in my heart for his grief, and a self-abasement brought about by my unworthy suspicions, I suppose something of the change must have crept into my manner, for that evening, as we came back from a long walk, he threw his arm about my shoulder, and drawing me to him more closely, said very gently:

"I think my darling was never so kind, so patient, so loving, so sweetly womanly, as she has shown herself to-day. May she grow gradually into perfection, a worthy example of a minister's wife, so that her husband and children may rise up and call her blessed."

And in the anguish of a remorseful heart, strengthened by new resolves, I cried "Amen."

NEWS of INTEREST

In Kansas the harvest is now in full blast.

Racing boats are now made of bank note paper.

With Egyptians it was a capital offense to kill a cat.

Centipedes have four eyes on each side of the head.

Daniel Webster is selling ice cream at Baton Rouge.

Pulverized borax in water will relieve the pain of a burn.

The Paris Exposition buildings cover 767,698 square yards.

Men originated artificial hair and women adopted it in 1750.

Switzerland is suffering greatly from business depression.

The Mohammedans adhered to total abstinence for 1300 years.

Among Queen Victoria's musicians are two Methodist fiddlers.

A scientist says angle worms do not suffer when put on the hook.

Peaches are beginning to be shipped from Virginia to New York.

What we call modern chess was played in Hindoostan 5000 years ago.

Flowers painted on the backs of kid gloves are the latest novelties.

According to the latest dictionaries there are 45,500 words in our language.

Women physicians were known in England as early as the reign of Alfred.

The tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon is protected by a burglar alarm.

Mozart commenced *Don Giovanni* at 11 o'clock p. m. and finished it at 7 a. m.

The present annual production of gold and silver in the United States is $84,000,000.

The exports of this country, for the last year, are said to be the largest yet attained.

A mere thread of gold supporting a solitaire diamond is the favorite engagement ring.

London is going to build a new bridge over the River Thames, and to pay $10,000,000 for it.

The reduction of beer to two glasses for five cents is being considered by the leading dealers.

An ancient book described the Ethiopians as persons with one foot large enough for a parasol.

At the beginning of the present year the national debt of Queen Victoria's subjects was $3,980,000,000.

It is said by the camel breeders of Texas that they are no more difficult to raise than cattle or horses.

There is to be a Pan-Israelite Council in Paris this Summer, composed of representations of the Jews of all nations.

The clergymen in Albany, N. Y., are making an effort to get Messrs. Moody and Sankey to hold revival services there.

The Leeds Mercury gives an account of a woman named Dixon, who fell dead from excessive joy at the return of her son from America.

There is a French prophecy which says the end of the world will come when Easter Sunday comes on St. Mark's Day. This will occur in 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Mountain City, Texas, are probably the oldest married couple in the country, the former being 103 and the latter 101 years old, and they have lived together 82 years.

It is said that Cardinal Cullen has offered to use his influence against the Home Rulers if the British Government will permit the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland.

The *Catholic Review* states that Thomas Ewing Sherman, eldest son of General Sherman, has sailed for England, where he proposes to enter the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus. He is twenty-three, and was educated at Georgetown College and in the law department of Yale.

A True Woman.

It is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as Geo. W. Laird's BLOOM OF YOUTH, which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere.

LIFE'S AFTERMATH.

BY OLIVE BELL.

We see high hills around us,
Crowned with a light new-won;
Valleys fair and peaceful sleeping
In the glow of the setting sun.

Watch rivers, blue and silent,
Flowing out to lands afar;
Search the jasper heights of heaven,
For some shining beacon star.

And our hearts growing warm and tender,
Throb fast with unspoken love,
For this world so full of grandeur
A type of His world above.

Hopes spring up, like blossoms,
That brighten some sterile plain;
His promises grow and flourish,
Like plants 'neath the summer rain.

For none are so poor and lowly,
So sinful in thought or deed,
But He holds to their lips a chrism,
That will answer every need.

So our dreams may be idle dreaming
Our failings deserve His wrath,
Yet we watch with a faith unwavering
For the dawn of life's aftermath.

ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I have little birds trained to serve me and to tell me everything," the Duke replied. "I have a claim upon your kindness in my character of Rizzio."

"What claim?" she asked.

"A double one. The first is Rizzio loved Marie Stuart."

"That I admit," she said.

"The second, that Marie Stuart loved Rizzio."

"That I deny," said Beatrix. "History differs."

"Not much on that point," asserted the Duke; "and, even if she did—if from traitors, the spies, the brutal murderers, the half-mad husband, the false friends that surrounded her, she turned to listen to the music of kinder words, the song of sunny Italy—can you blame her?"

"No wrong ever can make a right," said Beatrix. "If I had been in her place, I would have fought my foes with cold steel—I would have died at the head of my faithful few. Your second claim is disallowed, Marie la Reine did not love Rizzio."

"Well, shall we for this one evening imagine that she did? Let me escort you through these wonderful rooms—we shall see the costumes as we walk."

She could not refuse. They walked slowly down the long ball-room, all eyes gazing upon them, and many significant smiles greeting them, which it was just as well "Prince Charlie's" proud daughter did not see.

"There cannot be much mistake about that," laughed Miss Gorton Reeves. "I am rather sorry too; I have always admired the duke; but I am afraid he has not returned the compliment."

"My dear," said the Duchess of Elmslie, to whom the observation was made, "the Duke of Heathland sees no face, hears no voice, seeks no love, but that of Beatrix Lennox. Whether he will succeed in winning her I, for one, cannot say."

"They make a handsome pair," allowed Miss Gorton Reeves; and every one who saw them reechoed the words.

Beatrix was charmed. Everything was carried out so well that there was scope for admiration. The whole was picturesque, artistic, and graceful.

But where was Beltran Carew? He was coming—she had heard him say so; but where was he? Beatrix's beautiful eyes roamed over the picturesque groups; but the tall figure, the fair head, the princely face of Beltran Carew was not amongst them.

"You will give me the next waltz?" said the Duke to Beatrix.

She looked up in wonder and then laughed.

"How foolish I am!" she said. "That comes of being in earnest about trifles. I cannot help thinking of Holyrood, of the stern cousin, Queen Elizabeth and of the scaffold. I have an idea that after all this I shall be led to execution."

"You are imaginative," he remarked. "You will give me this dance, Miss Lennox? You cannot be cruel, my queen."

She consented. She would have done anything rather than have listened to the never-ending compliments. And the first that greeted the eyes of Beltran Carew was Beatrix dancing with the Duke of Heathland.

Beltran was a diplomatist where Miss Lennox was concerned. He joined Lady Rayner, knowing full well that Beatrix would sooner or later join her also. Lady Rayner gave one comprehensive glance at his dress, and then raised her blue eyes to his.

"I quite understand," she said. "You could not have told it more plainly."

The handsome face flushed proudly.

"I wish you would be my friend, Lady Rayner," he said gently.

"I will," she replied, holding out her hand to him. "I make the compact with you now. I will be your friend."

"She will not be angry about this," he said, pointing to his dress. "She is only human."

"She will be flattered, I should imagine," rejoined Lady Leola. "I love her better than any one I have ever met, and I—I wish you well."

Just as he had anticipated, when the dance was over, and Beatrix saw Lady Rayner, she came up to her, leaning on the Duke's arm. She did not perceive Beltran at first—a group of white camellias hid him from her sight; not until she had spoken to her friend did she see him; and then, with a sudden start, with a rich crimson blush, with a new light in her eyes, she came forward to speak to him. Then also her eyes fell upon his dress. She recognised the costume at once—it was that of the Dauphin of France. The Duke of Heathland had taken the character of Rizzio; but he had chosen that of Marie Stuart's young husband, the man with whom the brightest years of her life were spent.

Beatrix saw all, understood all, as one understands in a dream. The Duke's face grew pale with anger; he too recognised what was intended, and drew his own inferences.

"Presumptuous ignoramus, to think that the heiress of Erceldean will ever waste one thought on him!" was the Duke's mental comment.

"I would win her if all the dukes in England were arrayed against me!" thought Beltran; and then, with a low bow, he went up to her.

The slightest and haughtiest of greetings passed between the men.

"Miss Lennox," said Beltran, "you promised me the second quadrille, and it is now forming. May I have the honor?"

There was nothing for it but to relinquish her. The Duke did so with very bad grace. His face darkened; he muttered some words to Beatrix which she did not hear. He watched them as they walked away, his face growing darker still.

"I must see to this," he said. "This young barrister does not know his place. Because his talents and his mother's genius have admitted him into good society, that is no reason why he should presume. I wonder Beatrix dances with him."

The poor Duke was obliged to content himself with Miss Gorton Reeves, who tried to imitate the manners, as she had already imitated the dress, of "my Lady Coventry."

CHAPTER XXV.

Beltran Carew was generally admired—indeed many said that he was the handsomest man at the Duchess of Elmslie's fancy-dress ball. The French Dauphin's rich dress, with its velvet, its satin, its diamonds, its lace and plumed cap, suited him as nothing else could have done. He was transformed; his fair face was flushed, he looked proudly successful, and the glint of the blue eyes stirred many a gentle heart. Since he had spent that one half-hour under the old cedar in the grounds of Twickenham Palace he had lost most of his fears.

"Miss Lennox," he said, "you are not the heiress of Erceldean—you are the lovely young Queen of Scotland; and I am not that successful barrister, Beltran Carew, but Francis the Dauphin. Do you agree with me?"

"Yes; I will endeavor to keep up the character while I wear the dress."

She was about to add, "I do not think that Queen Mary had more trouble with her lovers than I have with mine," but prudence restrained her. She looked at the princely man by her side.

"Why did you choose that dress?" she asked.

"Because I heard of yours," he replied promptly; "and I have a theory of my own."

"What is it?" she inquired.

"It is this. History may say what it likes of Mary Stuart—some call her a sinner, some call her a saint—learned men disagree about her, theologians even dispute about her—but my idea is that the young Queen loved Francois, her first husband, with all the strength of her girlish heart. The other marriages were state-measures—her heart was not in them; it was Francois the Dauphin whom she loved, and for whom she sorrowed all her unhappy life. As for Rizzio and Chastelard, they may have worshipped her; she loved Francois. Have I your attention, Miss Lennox?"

He spoke with such fiery eloquence and impatience that she trembled; he had gained a strange mastery over her.

"Therefore I have made myself Francois for the nonce," he continued. "Now Miss Lennox, will you come with me into this moonlit fernery, and we will leave the world all behind us? You are *Marie la belle Reine*, and I am Francois, the only man whom the fair Queen loved."

The ball-room opened into a large conservatory, and that led to a very beautiful fernery where water fell with a rippling sound. The Duchess ordered the conservatory to be illuminated, but the fernery was left in semi-darkness. At present the moon shone upon it, and the water reflected its rays.

"Here is peace," said Beltran. "Now, my queen, you will sit here for ten minutes. Oh, these stolen minutes! They are worth all the other minutes of life put together." And Beatrix owned in her heart that they were. "We shall have ten minutes of solitude until that waltz is over; then there will be an invasion. My queen, sit here, where you can see the moon shine upon the water. What a lovely dreamy sound the water makes!"

He had placed her so that he could sit on a stool at her feet. Her heart beat fast.

"Repeat some more of your quaint lines," she said. "I have not forgotten a word of the others."

"I will give you one verse of your own lament, my queen, or what Robert Burns was kind enough to write for you:

"I was the Queen of bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been,
For lightly rose I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en."

"And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor's there:
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care."

Do you remember the ballad, my queen? I cannot call you 'Miss Lennox.' I am Francois, your slave—you are my queen."

"Yes, I remember it," she replied, wondering why her words came so slowly.

"The most beautiful and pathetic ballad I have ever read of Queen Marie Stuart," he said, "was one published years ago in a magazine—I think the ballad was by Bon Gaultier. I do not remember it all, but two of the verses are very familiar to me. Shall I repeat them?

He did not wait for her answer, but in his low rich voice recited:

"Oh, gentleman of Scotland, oh, cavaliere of France,
How each and all had grasped his sword or seized his angry lance,
If lady-love, or sister dear, or nearer, dearer bride,
Had been, like me, your friendless liege, unsettled and belied!
But these are sinful thoughts and sad. I should not mind me now
Of faith foresworn, or broken pledge, or false or fruitless vow."

Listen again, my queen," he continued—"it is your own confession this:

"Yes, it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,
To lead courants or balonet, or lighter, gayer dance—
Yes, it was wrong and thoughtless to while whole hours away
In dark and gloomy Holyrood with some Italian lay.
Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell
How the just Lord God of Israel had stricken Jezebel."

She laid her hand lightly upon his arm, and the touch thrilled him as nothing had ever done.

"No more," she said—"no more."

"I have saddened you, my queen. Here is another piece—an old ballad of Stoddard's:

"You are very charming, madam,
In your silks and satins fine,
And you made your lovers drunken,
But it was not with your wine.
There were court gallants in dozens,
There were princes of the land,
And they would have perished for you
As they knelt to kiss your hand;
For they saw no stain upon it,
It was such a snowy hand."

"But, for me, I know you better;
And, while you were haunting there,
I remembered some one lying
With the blood on his white hair.
He was pleading for you, madam,
Where the shriven spirits stand;
But the Book of Life was darkened
By the shadow of a hand.
It was tracing your perdition,
For the blood upon your hand."

That ballad is called 'The Shadow of a Hand,' and I think it so effective that I have been setting it to music. Do you like it?"

"Very much, Mr. Carew," she replied. "I am Francois—Mr. Carew is not here. Call me 'Francois' just once, to complete the illusion. Say it in the same tone that you think Marie Stuart would have used to her lover-husband, the young Dauphin."

The fair face flushed and grew pale, the dark eyes drooped beneath the fire of his, strange gleams of tenderness came over her face, and then died away.

"Will you not grant me who would die for you so small a favor? You are proud and cruel, my queen."

"Indeed I am not; but I have never done such a thing in my life," she said slowly.

"As call a man by his Christian name, of course. I know you never have; that is why it seems so difficult. Still do try. I should be quite happy if you would—it would repay me for so much."

She raised her dark eyes to his, and he read something that pleased him in their liquid depths, for he whispered this time:

"Say it, my queen—I shall remember the music of it to my dying day."

"Francois," she said gently.

He knelt and kissed her hand—the hand that he would have died to win.

"I am paying my due allegiance," he told her. Beatrix's proud face flushed as she said:

"I think you are taking payment for your poetry; and you are certainly making the most of your character."

"Am I not entitled to all that I can win? My queen, I am so happy, so unutterably happy, do not say one cool word to me. I know that we are at a fancy-dress ball and that I am playing a part; but the acting seems so real to me that I could play my part for ever. You are not angry?"

"No, I am not angry," answered Beatrix; and she smiled to herself to think how her heart was beating and her pulse thrilling to the music of his words.

He kissed her hand again—just to be sure, he said to himself, that she was not cross—and then he said to her:

"I read such a strange story once. Shall I tell it to you?"

"If you will," she replied. And he began:

"I forget the name of the duke who was the hero of it, but he was madly in love with the Queen Elizabeth of Spain—and love, you know, in the veins of the children of the Sunny South, is a consuming passion. The duke held a grand *fete* at his palace—a palace filled with pictures, with statues, with the accumulated riches of generations—and he set fire to it all so that he might for one moment hold the queen in his arms while he saved her from the flames. Can you understand such a mad love as that which led a man to make a holocaust of his wordly wealth that he might for one moment hold the woman he loved in his arms?"

"Yes, I can understand it," she replied, "better than I can understand the barbering, the miserable mercenary greed, that the people of this generation call love. I can sympathise with such madness—I cannot sympathise with bargaining or greed where the affections are concerned."

"I would have done the same thing," he said, "had I been in the duke's place. I would have burned palace and pictures, all that I possessed, for one such moment. I feel inclined to imitate him now—to set all this mass of foliage and decoration in flames so that I might rescue you."

"You could not set a fernery on fire," remarked Beatrix. "Besides, I am not the Queen of Spain."

She did not think how much encouragement lay in those few words; but he seized upon them.

"No, thank Heaven! It is bad enough for some of us that you are heiress of Erceldean. If you were Queen of Spain, it would be all in vain."

"What would be in vain?" she asked.

"Burning our palaces. Ah, the music has stopped—the invaders are coming! Have you not one kind word to say to me before we go out into the world again? Miss Lennox, I have longed to be alone with you—I have hungered and thirsted to feel myself near you. I have said to myself that I would pray for one kind word as men pray for dear life—that I would kneel at your feet and kiss the hem of your dress—that I——"

Beatrix held up her hand in warning.

"You are talking as madly as that duke who burned his palace must have talked."

Beltran longed to add, "and for the same mad reason," but he hesitated.

"You shall have one kind word," she said. "I will confess to you that I enjoy these stolen minutes, as you call them, with you better than I enjoy anything else in the wide world."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SYBIL'S TEST.

BY BERTIE RAVIE.

"Why have you never married, Harland?"

"Because true women are so very scarce."

"How do you know? I fancy you are somewhat of a cynic, Harland."

"Better be that than a fool. I grow weary of being advised to marry. I will do so when once I find a faithful woman."

"Pray what are your ideas on the subject. If you would be persuaded to make them known, I fancy you would find many such."

"Don't believe you, my dear boy. I have not met one who would stand the first test."

"Name it."

"Well, say three years' absence with only an occasional visit when she least expects it, and no letters to fill up the pauses."

"You are jesting."

"Not I. If she cannot stand the first, how will she endure the second—to the houseless and homeless, to spend her life with me in wandering up and down over earth—to live for me as I would live for her?"

"A fine life; but if I were a woman I would not fancy it."

Before Harland could answer, a friend joined them, and the conversation was interrupted.

They had thought themselves alone, but in this they were mistaken—a listener had been there.

A young girl, sitting at her open window, had heard all they said, as they paced to and fro on the crisp snow, and the clear, frosty air had borne their faintest words to her ears.

After a short time spent in thinking, she sprang to her feet, and the room echoed to her joyous laughter.

"It is St. Valentine's Eve, and I will write him a valentine; he will never find out who sent it. I will fool him nicely. I know where his room is, and will slip it in while he is walking about with his friends."

Having no time to lose, she sat down at her desk and composed the following valentine:

"HENRY HARLAND, Esq:—I unintentionally overheard your remarks on woman this evening, and disbelieve them in toto. You remarked if a woman would be faithful to you for a period of three years, with only an occasional visit from you, you would remain true to her for the rest of your life, provided she would not require a fine establishment. I will accept your challenge, not only for three years, but for five, and will require no word or letter in all these years, but I shall expect you to be faithful also (you forgot to mention that, and a bargain is no bargain unless both parties are equally obligated). I will give you no clue to my identity, and, failing to find me at the end of the five years, I will consider myself free.

Your faithful
VALENTINE."

She then read the missive over, and thought:

"I am fifteen now, and will only be twenty at the end of five years. I will not think of marrying before that, so I am quite safe. And as we start in the morning for France no one will be likely to suspect me. If papa should hear of it he would send me back to the convent, but he need never be the wiser; and if this Mr. Harland is as great a paragon as papa would have me believe, he will surely not betray my secret, even should he discover it."

Her next step was to seek Mr. Harland's room.

She glanced around for a fitting place to lay the letter, and her eye rested on a little bracket near the window.

She laid the letter down, and was departing as noiselessly as she had entered, when a new idea occurred to her.

She would cut off one of her long curls and leave it by the letter. This would, perhaps, stimulate his curiosity, and make him more eager to find her.

She had nothing with her to execute her purpose but a small pen-knife that her father had given her.

It was a pretty toy, but Sybil found it of little practical use.

With an impatient exclamation she threw it down, and holding the half-severed tress in her hand, proceeded to search for a more suitable instrument.

Her eyes were caught by the glitter of an open razor lying on the table.

It was soon in her hand, and the tress severed.

Having replaced the razor, she pinned the curl upon the paper, and, without further delay, proceeded to her own room.

Safe there, she began to think of what she had done, and while brushing her hair, the remembrance flashed upon her of having thrown her little knife on the table when she discovered that it would not cut.

With a sigh that was half a groan, she recollected that her initials, "S. G.," were curiously wrought on the handle with tiny gems.

If she left it there detection would be sure to follow. She must recover it at all hazards; so, without giving herself time to change her mind, she ran back as quickly as she could to the room.

A slight tap at the door, and she waited, ready to run if she received an answer to her summons.

No answer came, so judging that the owner was not within, she opened the door, and, to her unbounded delight, the room was empty.

With a joyous exclamation she entered and commenced her search for the missing knife, when a footstep outside the door startled her.

She looked for a way to escape, but in vain.

In her despair she would have essayed to fasten the door had she not seen a large wardrobe whose half-open doors seemed to invite her to enter.

Without considering how deceitful the shelter might be, she entered, but not a moment too soon, for the next instant Mr. Harland entered the room.

She held the door with all her strength, feeling that death would be preferable to being caught.

While she waited for him to give the first pull that should commence the struggle, he suddenly changed his mind and turned away, remembering an appointment he had down-stairs with a friend in a half-hour's time, so where was the use of donning slippers and dressing-gown?

If Sybil could have read his thoughts she would have remained quietly where she was until he had gone, and then she would have made her escape with her luckless valentine, for in those few moments she had grown older and wiser. But she knew nothing of this.

The valentine and knife became of secondary importance when compared with her own deliverance from this prison-house.

He sat down, and his back was towards her.

"This," she thought, "is my chance. I will push the door open, and be gone before he is aware."

But at the first push the door gave an ominous creak, which made Mr. Harland turn his head.

This overcame her prudence, and flinging wide the door, with one bound she had reached the middle of the room, but in her haste she lost her slipper, and turning back to recover it, in that moment her pretty face was revealed to Mr. Harland, who, now thoroughly aroused, prepared to follow her.

A chair was in his way, so she gained the door.

Once in the hall he could not catch her; of that she was certain. But her boast came near being a vain one, for before she was aware, his hand was brushing her shoulder, while a laughing voice exclaimed:

"You are my prisoner!"

But with a sudden bound she was free again.

When she passed the door of her room she felt strongly tempted to enter and find safety there, but prudence whispered he would see the number and discover her secret.

The stairs presented a diversion, and Harland not knowing they were so near, fancied that the earth had opened and swallowed her up. But the next moment he discovered the truth of the matter.

He watched her for a moment in amusement, and then, as quickly as he could, he followed, but when he reached the hall below all traces of the fair incognito were lost.

He searched around, but no sight of her rewarded him, and in his wanderings he met the gentleman with whom he had an appointment.

They talked for a short time, and then he excused himself and returned to his room.

When he lit the gas he saw the slipper, and sat down in a vain endeavor to find a clue to the mystery.

While he sat perplexed and amused, he saw, for the first time, the letter lying on the bracket.

He seized it, and in a few moments was perusing the little valentine.

When he had finished it a strong impulse came over him to find his valentine.

Surely five years was a long time to wait, and he had ample means of identifying her.

That night he went to bed feeling quite confident that the next morning he would discover his unknown admirer.

But long before he left his luxurious couch, Sybil and her father had set sail for France.

* * * * *

Nearly five years have elapsed since our story began, and the most of these years Henry Harland had spent in a vain search after what he termed "a faithful woman."

The search that had been begun in a jest was continued in earnest; and wherever he went, he carried a long curl of golden hair, a quaint little slipper, and a tiny penknife with a jeweled handle.

Several times during the years that were past had their lives crossed, but he never dreamed that old Jacob Granger's daughter could be the woman for whom he was searching.

If he had, it was more than probable that he would have given up the idea of claiming her promise.

He was not a proud man, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but with Jacob Granger, the money-lender, the extortionist, he felt he had little in common.

Of late years Jacob had retired from active business, and had spent the time in traveling with his only child, the Sybil of our story.

For some service rendered him in the past, Jacob Granger was strangely grateful—far too grateful, to Mr. Harland—and when he pressed him to come and see his greatest treasure, his little girl, Harland had always declined, and Sybil, hearing of these refusals, had always been pained.

But the occasion came when Harland was called to see Jacob Granger for the last time, and to his dismay, he found that he was appointed sole guardian of his daughter, and executor of his will.

The large sum left him he absolutely declined, but he could not so easily refuse to take the care of Sybil.

It was utterly in vain that he remonstrated.

The dying man was determined to have his way.

Then came the vexed question: What would he do with her?

There was no one that he knew of that he thought would accept the charge, excepting a maiden aunt of his.

He requested an interview with Sybil, but it was denied. In her grief she would see no one.

He then wrote to her, explaining the situation; asking her if she were willing to forego the gay life she had been leading, and became an inmate of his aunt's quiet home.

The picture he painted was not an attractive one, but she accepted it without one comment.

It would seriously inconvenience him to accompany Sybil, so he accepted with gladness the protection and company offered by a young gentleman and his sister.

Sybil's arrangements were soon made, and a few days saw her ready to depart with her new friends.

In their last meeting, Harland never dreamed that any other bond connected them save his sympathy with her great sorrow.

* * * * *

While on the shores of Lake Como he received a letter from Sir Crawford Crawly begging for his ward's hand.

He had received the permission of his own haughty relatives, but it was of no use to seek Sybil unless he had her guardian's consent.

"She has refused all other suitors," Crawford wrote, "and I almost fear to try my fate, for she is fair enough to win a throne."

Harland laughed as he read over the letter, and thought how eagerly old Jacob Granger would have grasped at this alliance.

Here he bethought himself of another letter, one from his aunt, entreating him to come home and see Sybil for himself, "for she is far better than that will-o'-the-wisp you are chasing."

He answered both letters, giving to the one his full consent, and a denial to the second.

But two days after he changed his mind and decided to go home.

He reached his aunt's in the early gloom of a winter evening.

He did not ring, but trying the latch-key the door opened.

He entered, saw the door of the back parlor open, slipped in and threw himself on the first sofa that presented itself to his wearied eyes.

That night his fruitless search was over.

He must acknowledge a woman to be the victor.

As he lay there he reviewed the past five years, and thought how each succeeding year had brought him a mysterious valentine; but this year he had received none.

He fell asleep pondering over it, and was awakened by the voices of two persons in earnest conversation in an adjoining room—one, the deep tones of a man pleading earnestly and persistently. The other was soft and low.

"Sybil, tell me once for all, do you love me?"

"You are my best friend, Crawford, and as such I love you dearly."

"Oh, Sybil that does not satisfy me. You have loved me as a friend for years, I believe. Now I want you to love me as a husband all the rest of your life."

"I cannot say that now."

"Then you will never say it, for I leave for Yorkshire to-morrow. You have my mother's letter, and know how warm a welcome she is prepared to give you. I have your guardian's consent."

She interrupted him, speaking very quickly:

"Go, Crawford; I can give you no answer until after twelve. If you will leave me that long; when you return you shall know your fate; for the present leave me."

The last words were a command, and he dared not refuse obedience.

"In mercy's name, let your answer be favorable, Sybil."

These were his last imploring words as he left her.

Harland heard the door closed, and prompted by curiosity, or some stronger motive, changed his position where he could see without being seen.

He had been somewhat prepared to see a beautiful woman, but he fancied she would be of a far different type. How could that lovely girl be Jacob Granger's daughter?

He forgot all his prejudices, and acknowledged that he stood in the presence of the fairest woman that his eyes had ever rested on.

That night his guardianship ended, and Sybil Granger would become the undisputed possessor of the vast fortune that her father had bequeathed her.

Now that his interest in her was awakened, she would pass away from him forever.

The little bronze clock on the mantel shelf interrupted his meditations by striking eleven, which the old clock in the hall sullenly answered.

When it had ceased, Sybil drew from her pocket a little parcel wrapped in silver paper, which, when unrolled, proved to be a slipper of curious workmanship, and Harland started, for if his eyes did not deceive him, the mate of it was at that moment in his own pocket.

She look at it reproachfully, and then said musingly:

"This is the only record of my folly left. When I burn it to-night, I shall have destroyed the last evidence of my mad escapade five years ago. How foolish I have been to dream that he would come to-night. He is searching the world for the four-leafed clover, and does not recognize the little plant that grows by his own door. When this is burned I may be able to make Crawford happy. My gold will weigh against his title."

With an effort she essayed to throw the slipper into the fire, but her hand was caught by someone behind her, while a voice that she scarcely recognized, exclaimed:

"I have found you, my faithful valentine. Is it too late?"

"But poor Crawford!" she exclaimed, some time after she was warned of the flight of time by the hands of the clock pointing steadily to twelve.

"He has not loved you for five long years, my darling," was Harland's answer, as he compared the golden curl he held in his hand with the ones that graced Sybil's head.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, the well known publishers of this city, have issued "Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society; Customs, Manners, Morals, and Home Culture, compiled from the best authorities by Mrs. H. O. Ward." Mrs. Ward's book is an exhaustive and invaluable treatise upon the science of good manners, and is the best work of its kind which has appeared in this country or in Europe. It is dedicated, in the first place, to the gifted author's "Children and Grandchildren"; next, to "All Young People in the United States"; and lastly "To Young Mothers." A work like this is just what is needed in our young country to be placed in the hands of everyone, that it may be thoroughly read and its valuable suggestions carried into effect, so that the next generation may show itself to be as perfect in that refinement, that crowning social beauty of civilized life, as are the higher circles of Europe. We as a nation have learned a great many good lessons and have shown ourselves quick to appreciate and act upon them, and Mrs. Ward's great work will tend to make us a polished people, conversant with the usually undervalued little things which develop the individual to his or her fullest stature as a cultivated man or woman, and without which wealth and the resources which it commands, are but as inane dross. The general purpose of "Sensible Etiquette" is to make society familiar with the laws which govern it socially and to teach the sweet lessons of true courtesy to the great human brotherhood. The rules which fashion dictates as to the forms of letters, notes, invitations, acceptances, regrets &c., how to make calls and the meaning of leaving cards, the proper methods of conducting breakfasts, luncheons, teas, kettle-drums &c., and the art of dinner giving, the ceremonials which attach in all high society respecting dress, salutations, introductions, and marriages, are all touched upon here with breadth of effect, and style, and yet with most elaborate attention to detail. In fact, every chapter is not only suggestive, but it is more, it is an authority upon the topic it discusses. When Mrs. Ward treats of the great moral aims of social culture and the needs of etiquette to reform abuses, the fast school, the difference between innocence and virtue, the mother's influence, the higher culture of women, reformers and leaders, our best society and home life as contrasted with the life immortal, she rises to great heights of thought and leads the reader to absorb her clear ideas upon these subjects almost intuitively, so pure is her diction, so winning her style. "Sensible Etiquette" will have a great and a deserved success, for it is the very thing which the people want at present, for they are ever eager to acquire whatever is good and will lead to high results. Messrs. Porter & Coates have published this fine work in beautiful style. It forms a volume of 567 pages printed in clear open type and fine white paper, and bound in gilt cloth. Price $2.00

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for July comes to us in its usual fine style, and superbly illustrated. The initial article is "Here and There in Old Bristol," by Dr. Alfred S. Gibbs, and is illustrated. It is a very interesting article. "An Atelier des Dames," by Margaret B. Wright, gives very amusing sketches of art life in Paris. A very learned and very interesting article is contributed by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, who gives the history of the "Real Prisoner of Chillon," and proves him to be a far more entertaining character than the sentimental imagination of Byron created him. There are many other good articles. "A Levantine Picnic," by a United States Naval officer; an account of the "Popular Marriage Customs of Sicily," by Dr. Giuseppo Pitre; "A Tartar Fight at Kazan," by D. Ker; "The Idyl of the Vaudoise," by Charlotte Adams, and a paper on "The Census of 1880," by Henry Stone. There is a diversity in the fiction of the number—several amusing short stories, and the opening chapters of a new serial, "Through Winding Ways." There are poems by Paul H. Hayne and Kate Putnam Osgood, and the usual number of light papers in the "Gossip."

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 22, 1878.

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SHORT STORIES.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

EDITORIALS—SANCTUM CHAT—POETRY.

FEMININITIES, FARM AND GARDEN.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

MISCELLANY.

LEISURE hours for study and refinement, and quiet opportunities for reading come in with these bright June days.

"ON DANGEROUS GROUND" increases in interest. The lesson it inculcates is invaluable; it is high toned in manner and matter, with respect to style and to quality. The narrative is thoroughly absorbing, and the morality of the whole story, makes it one of the purest and greatest of modern works of fiction.

As mind can only communicate with mind in this present age, either through conversation, oratory, or the printer's art, and as the great multitude scattered over the cultured world can only be addressed by the press, it behooves writers and thinkers to put forth their best efforts, and make literature not only a vehicle for thought and feeling, but of the highest, purest, and noblest thought and feeling. It can be made to pander to the mass, or to lead them to that calm height of refinement which is beatitude. We cannot have too many books, papers and periodicals. Let them be of the best quality.

PERSONS who travel Europewards this Summer will learn more than they imagined they would in the Old World respecting the value of thought and genius as applied to the higher arts. In our young country, where we have been and yet are so busily engaged in building towns, railroads, and in developing the resources of the country, there has been so much time devoted to the simply practical, that the beautiful and decorative have had no place. Things will be different ere long, when our returning travelers, who have seen London and Paris, bring with them fond memories of picture galleries, concert rooms, flower gardens, and libraries, and the sense that æsthetic culture is to be considered a necessity, and not a mere accomplishment.

WE are gratified that hosts of our lady readers congratulate us upon the conduct of the department of "Fashion Notes," which is of such an absorbing interest to all of them, and which is one of the great features of the POST. There is one thing at least to be learned by the ladies through the information conveyed in this department, and that is the art of shopping. The editor in a most complete and yet concise manner, shows how to buy, where to buy, and what to buy, and this information is adapted to the circumstances of each individual lady reader. "Our Fireside Chat," since its very inception in the columns of the POST, has been widely read, appreciated, and copied, and its matter ought to be preserved in scrap-books by the good housewives who take an interest in it, as it will in such a shape form one of the most valuable of recipe books.

It is better, of course, in selecting works of art to secure a good copy than a bad original. In other words, a good copy of some celebrated painting like the "Order of Release," of Millais; "The Duel After the Masked Ball," by Gerome; or the "Highland Cattle," by Rosa Bonheur, is far better as an exemplar of what art should be, than dozens of cheap daubs by unknown artists, which are merely used as wall decorations and to fill space. Therefore the magnificent oleograph copies of Thomas Moran's pictures, which the POST offers as premiums, ought to be in the homes of everybody. They are fine reproductions of fine works of real art. They are not insipid, blurred, glaringly colored and brightly varnished chromos; they are pictures which the connoisseur can look upon with pleasure, and which will really add to the comfort of any room where they are hung, for they carry color and warmth, and are noble pictures of the grandest of American scenery, East and West.

THE late lamented American poet, William Cullen Bryant, was a master of blank verse. Nothing is so difficult to construct. It is apparently so easy to write, and yet so difficult. There are but few writers who can use the Miltonic verse with anything like success. They write so fluently and express their thoughts through this medium so easily that they find at last they are writing mere prose and not poetry at all. While the fetters of rhyme are useful in keeping ordinary poets to a sense of their situation, blank verse by means of its very enticing freedom, leads them away from poetry into the lowest realms of prose and commonplace. Bryant's Thanatopsis is a majestic example of blank verse. Among other fine specimens of such verse may be mentioned Shelly's magnificent soliloquy of Prometheus, in his "Prometheus Unbound; Keats' "Hyperion," especially the opening description, than which no finer example is found; Byron's "Darkness," Coleridge's "Ode to the Morning Star at Chamouni," and Browning's "The Bishop Under His Tomb in St. Praxed's Church." The American poets have succeeded singularly well in this metre—Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier have used it for their choicest poetical thoughts with great effect. The danger attending the use of this measure is, that if it does not descend to prose, it lingers too unpleasantly in the neighborhood of rhapsody and pathos, and is thus made a vehicle either of the glittering froth of oratory or the ordinary rhetoric of a newspaper paragraph.

SUMMER DAYS.

These are times which are called "hard," and the season is upon all of us which is called "dull," but dull times and hard times ought not and cannot quench the hopeful spirit of man to seek consolation in the inexhaustible fields of nature, in the gloom of woods, in the broad expanse of fields, alive with the grain which is to be the golden fruition of Autumn, the silent beauty of rivers, the bubble of brooks, the glory of mountains, the majesty of the sea.

In these Summer days there is much to be learned, in spite of "wars and rumors of wars," and thank God, we can learn the lessons of the Summer cheaply. It is in the power of every one of us to absorb happiness of the keenest sort from the season which is upon us, and to breathe a silent prayer of gratitude to the Creator for the lavish display of wonders with which He has seen fit to decorate this earth of ours for our own especial benefit and good. It is a poor debased creature indeed who can look at the utter opulence of Nature, in teeming life of bird, flower, tree and insect, at this season, and not learn the great lesson which Summer teaches. In the sacred gloom of the groves and copses flame the many colored fires of the dragon-flies and the other delicate and gossamer insects whose mission is one of the occult purposes of God; and then the wood-robin, the bobolink and the cat-bird make a music which is not to be interpreted by a human orchestra. Then again, there are delicate flowers born of the Summer woods, which are "wasting their fragrance on the desert air," and which ought to be noticed and appreciated, and indeed all the various phases of Nature at this delicious season of the year, ought to interest and impress every one.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN England they are trying to revive the old sport of falconry, an art which has much in it which recalls the technical terms of old dramas and romances, and which is in reality as exciting an exercise as fox hunting, and possibly less cruel. At Thruxton, near Andmer, in that country, six trained peregrine falcons were publicly tried at rook hawking, with fair success. In spite of high wind, and occasional heavy storms, several good flights were obtained, and in most cases the *quarry*, or prey secured, was killed. The perfect training of the birds was shown by their return to the falconer after a miss; the distance traversed in one instance being fully three-quarters of a mile. It is supposed that if the performances of the birds were more generally exhibited, a few years would see the revival of falconry in England as an accomplished fact.

AMONG the wonderful art works which attract the connoisseur in the Paris Exposition, is a superb picture by the Spanish artist, Madrazo, the father-in law of the marvelous painter, Fortuny, called "The Breaking Up of a Masked Ball." The scene is the grey, chill dawn of a Winter morning over the garden of a splendid hotel, wherein the revel has been held. The guests are departing. Some crowd the doorway, beyond which the lights still glow amid tapestries and flowers; while in the foreground, the garden itself, one group, a gaily clad Polichinelle and a Marquise, all in rose and blue, are exchanging their last jests and laughs together. In the background the carriages, crowded with gay revellers, drive out through the gateway, whose two great globe lamps burn with a sickly yellow radiance in the daylight. It is a singularly animated and interesting scene, admirable in grouping and in coloring. By the same artist is also exhibited a remarkable series of portraits.

THE latest news concerning that astounding invention of American science, the telephone, is that in France they have adopted it for marine purposes. The French war steamer "De Sefy" had to tow out from Toulon the old ship Argonaute. A conducting wire was rolled round one of the towing cables, with an end on board each vessel. The ingenious arrangement in this was that the electric current was formed by the action of the sea on the copper sheathing of the ships. A telephone was introduced in the circuit on each and communication established between them. Conversation could be carried on as easily between the officers of the two vessels, as if they had been seated in the same cabin. The next step was to apply the telephone to the work of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet is replaced by a copper plate, in which is inserted a telephone so that the man has only a slight movement of the head to make in order to receive communications or repeat observations. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. Frequently at sea the necessity arises of examining the keel or bottom of a ship. The diver descends and is able to give an account of all he sees.

THE music of savage and nomadic tribes is never agreeable to the cultivated ear, and even the Chinese and Japanese melody becomes a trifle monotonous if played by the best of their native musicians. All Paris is wild with excitement just now over the performances of a band of Bohemian minstrels called the Tziganes. Their music is wild and fantastic—an orgie of vibrations of a savage orchestra which no other orchestra can imitate. The leader beats time with his whole body. He twists his legs and the andante commences. He lowers his head suddenly, closes his eyes, crouches as if about to throw himself into some irresistible abyss, when a perfect tempest of notes bursts forth. Then suddenly there is a dead silence, followed by a passionate wail, passing from tears to sobs, and from sobs to peals of demoniac laughter. The instruments are all stringed, with the exception of a species of horizontal harp called cimbalum, played upon by means of two little ivory hammers, and one clarinet—which apparently serves to warn the performers that it is time to stop. These uncouth musicians are costumed in scarlet, with vest, tight breeches, and plumed caps, and they are quite a success in the way of novelty even in Paris.

WE have been often warned that danger lurks in the grass, and there has just occurred an exceedingly forcible illustration of this fact at Saaz, in Bohemia. A child's drinking glass was bought one day, and during six months it sustained its character of toughened glass. But one evening in the seventh month, after having been used for drinking sugared water, it was placed, with a spoon in it, on a large oak table. Suddenly there was a violent explosion, like a pistol shot, and a metallic sound. Scattered all over the floor were needles and fragments of glass; and not only on the floor, but the bed, the table, the curtains, etc., were covered with them. The empty glass had burst without apparent cause, without the approach of a light, and with a force so extraordinary that all the inmates of the house were frightened. Such an explosion is doubtless caused by some change in the extreme tension of the fibres of hardened glass. Now if this happened with only sugared water, what might be the consequences with stronger waters? This accident ought to lend an additional repulsiveness to the traditional intoxicating bowl, and the phrase, "beware of the first glass," has its proper meaning and emphasis now, thoroughly illustrated.

THERE ought to be more public libraries. The great want of the people is a free library, where readers who love reading for its own sake, and desire a place to study and consult books of reference, may have access to such books, and the use of writing-tables also. There can be no nobler charity to the mass of mankind than the endowment of such a library, and it would be well patronized, and would work great moral reforms. It need not be a very costly edifice, or very ornate in its interior. All that is needed is plenty of room, plain tables and chairs, plain shelves, and plenty of books. The books ought not, of course, to be allowed to be taken from the place, and ought to be strictly watched; we think the public would be too grateful for such a boon as a free and good library, to desire to commit any wanton destruction or mutilation of the books and papers there, as is too frequently done in many libraries; and that they would be led from lower and grosser pursuits, and from resorts which have lured them only because they saw nothing better. Many young men who lounge about in the evenings, homeless youth who know no comfort save in the questionable comfort of the saloon, would only be too glad to spend night after night in the quiet atmosphere of a library, and be thus led to spend better, happier and wiser lives.

IN a spacious and magnificent new cottage just erected at Newport, the library is of itself a most cosy, comfortable and splendid apartment. It is finished in butternut, with steel for the ornaments and gas-fixtures, or rather it is in oxydized silver, to imitate polished steel. The room, twenty-seven by nineteen feet, has a great square bay, fifteen feet broad and ten feet projection, with front lights only. Low book-cases without doors run about the room, breaking on one side to make room for a most elaborate fireplace, eleven feet long, and running well up to the ceiling. Above the cases run a course of panels in leather about sixteen inches broad, and then another shelf designed for curiosities, etc. Above this the wall is finished in paper of gold and silver pattern as a ground, overlaid with a dull green continuous design. In the bay window on one side there is a fixed writing desk, continuous with the book-case line, while opposite a divan is placed. The drapery of the room is in French mummy cloth, in alternate bands of chamois and green, over which runs a brilliant pattern in raised embroidery. Over the fireplace is a double shelf with figures, and across the chimney-breast is displayed a mirror in bevelled glass, inclosed by a steel frame. The furniture is covered in chamois and green to correspond with the hangings. The gas fixtures are in imitation of those old steel hands seen on mediæval lamps. The library, as a whole, is one of the most pronounced rooms in the house in the German Renaissance style, and the Rococo phase of that style.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—X.

COMPILED BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

THE EVILS OF ANONYMOUS CRITICISM ILLUSTRATED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AUTHOR.

—BY H. H. L.

"Were she here now she would say, 'If my experience can be of any benefit to another, do not withhold it.'"—Page 215 of "On Dangerous Ground."

"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth."—PROV. 27, 2.

"Men have commonly more pleasure in the criticism which hurts than in that which is luvenous," says Ruskin; "he, therefore, who would maintain his cause, must have almost every class of men arrayed against him; the generous, because they would not find matter of accusation against established dignities; the envious, because they like not the sound of a living man's praise; the wise, because they prefer the opinion of centuries to that of days; and the foolish, because they are incapable of forming an opinion of their own. Obloquy so universal is not lightly to be risked."

"Everyone must risk something in this world, or else be a cur."—OUIDA.

The Boston Advertiser in noticing an expected onslaught upon reviewers that was announced some time since as about to appear in *The London Examiner*, said that the writer of some essay was determined not to submit quietly to the attack of his anonymous critics, and that he would open up the whole question of the responsibility of the reviewer to the public and to the reviewed, adding, "A sharp attack on reviewers is expected." Now, "*sharp attacks*" are of no avail. It is very easy to write sharp attacks, and easier still to answer them.

"Come, let us reason together," is the spirit in which the author should approach the reviewer. If the reviewer has time to read a book, and time to write a careful, conscientious notice of it, designating its weak points and pointing out its merits, what incalculable good may come from such a criticism to the author. But, alas! that is almost next to impossible, as has been shown in "How Book Notices are Written," in No. 4 of this series of papers.

The editor cannot afford to keep a staff of critics of the St. Beuve order. The reviewer is driven nearly frantic, (if he is a conscientious man,) with the number of books handed over to him to notice.

If he possesses one of those natures the characteristics of which are coarseness and toughness of moral fibre, he aims at cutting up the book and dashing off a *sensational* review, thinking only of himself and the effect he will produce. Or, if he is after the lazy order, he copies some other reviews; helping often to spread abroad false assertions and unjust deductions, to the detriment of the author's character (as we have seen,) or of the publisher's sales.

The compiler has shown how in the anonymous criticism of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," its author in endeavoring to bring about in her own circle a more general understanding of some of the simplest rules that govern the intercourse of our best society, was called, according to the pretended reviews of S in "Pasteboard Politeness," "a snob," "a contemptible being, who attempts to set up an European standard of manners," "a pretender," "a shoddyite," in fact, "anything but a lady."

The New York Tribune reviewer, who was evidently as unaccustomed to the observance of these rules as was the writer of "Pasteboard Politeness," wrote a base critique, so bristling with intended bits, that it was announced and generally understood that "*the savage onslaught on the seemingly inoffensive essay was made at the instigation of malignants*," in the city where the author lived.

The article closed in this way: "No use to try, by precision in etiquette, to rid men's minds of the memory of the *source* of wealth. 'Jones saddles,' 'Thompson whiskey,' these things stick close in America as the broom to 'a Plantagenet,' or a battle-axe to a 'de Courcy.' But by lifting his mind above trifles, he can at least learn to wear the purple with that careless ease, that men would forget he had not been born to it."

NOW, one of the articles in this author's creed, as shown by her writings, is that labor elevates, not degrades, that "honor and shame from no condition rise," and holding such views, she could afford to rest in the consciousness that if she does not "wear the purple," as one ought to, who claims a paternal ancestor knighted on one of England's battle-fields by a Plantagenet, and whose maternal family name is recorded in "Domesday Book," it is her misfortune and not the fault of her ancestors.

The author of "Guy Livingstone" wrote: "People whose names are in 'Domesday Book,' may carry their heads much as they please, and blood keeps its color, even in the city, when it has any to lose." But a thoroughly high-bred man or woman of the best type, pleases not to carry his head in an arrogant manner.

Bulwer speaks in one of his novels of, "the singular modesty of a descent too thoroughly well-bred not to be quietly simple."

If this essayest, then, has the misfortune to possess an absolute want of that "ease and culture which comes from generations of well-bred ancestors"—if "her money is her only qualification"—if she is "the queen of some ambitious club of green grocers' wives," as the *Tribune* reviewer represents, how strange that she should "delight in showing (as he asserts) the snubs which she had received—scars of her hard-fought battle upward into good society!"

Women of this stamp generally hide such experiences as carefully as they would conceal the skeletons in their households.

No sane reader of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette" but would say, after reading the essay, "This is from the pen of a woman who respects herself and her own rights so highly, that she is never wanting in respect for the rights of others."

Let us suppose that this author is in character what the essay gives innate evidence of her being—sensitive as to her own rights, and equally sensitive as to the rights of others; respecting herself, and respecting all who are worthy of respect. What must have been her feelings when she found herself ridiculed, stigmatized, and held up to the public as a being not too "contemptible" to be noticed, but as one whose only claim to notice was her money, and therefore more contemptible than if she had not received any notice?

They who know how she walked this "*Via Dolorosa*" of her life, bearing her cross of "a good name maligned," also know how near she came to the place of crucifixion, which in one form or another awaits every pilgrim on his path through life, who strives to walk "in the sacred track of self-sacrifice, of living for others; on which track after more than eighteen hundred years, the foot-prints are still fresh, still inefaceable." If others knew as well as the members of her family know, all the suffering which this anonymous criticism—these invented personalities inflicted—the knowledge would hold in check the hand of every reviewer who has a mother, a wife, or a sister to love and to shield from brutal assaults; unless his heart has grown callous to its holiest and most sacred emotions.

If there are reviewers who partake more of the nature of the boor and the brute than of a man, of the Jezebel and the Borgia than of a refined and true woman, an appeal to such to "do justly and to love mercy" would be useless.

To *them* we would appeal to other motives, since they are proof to higher ones, and beg them to read the letters quoted from in the first paper of this series and the following ones, as demonstrating the indignation that was felt by persons of wealth and culture, at this most "unexampled abuse of press privileges."

They tell of the influence that unworthy review have upon the minds of men who are themselves just and worthy.

The first letter now quoted from was written by a general in our army, to the author of "Unsettled Points," at the time of the newspaper persecution.

QUOTATION.

"MADAM.—Real genius makes itself felt most under adverse circumstances. No woman ever had a better opportunity to illustrate this truism than you have. There is one sure road to victory over the scribblers whose:

'Base envy withers all another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.'

"Write another paper on etiquette, and insert it without fail in the next issue of *Lippincott's Magazine*. [See addenda.] * * * This is the way of ridding yourself of your assailants," etc., etc.

QUOTATION II.

Made from a letter written by a well known lawyer of Philadelphia to the same author:

"A life of blameless purity; years of active beneficence; acts of generous, patriotic beneficence, and a literary career which made your home the resort of the most intelligent and refined, (the memory of which society is not easy to forget,) all these form an overwhelming reply to the abusive libels which, very naturally, have caused you so much annoyance."

The following letter was written by the oldest living representative of one of Philadelphia's best families, a gentleman of the old-school—chivalric in heart, courteous in manner, and one, whose sword was never drawn save in a worthy cause.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——:—My time has been so sorrowfully occupied of late that I have neglected to perform a duty which has been often in my mind, to express to you my extreme regret that your most innocent article on 'Etiquette' should have drawn down upon you the vituperations of some cowardly clown. If ever individuals needed lessons in manners, it is just such ones. If ever a man deserved to be turned out of the company of all decent people and driven forever into social covenlry, he is just the one. At all events, he has been made to show his colors, and I sincerely hope he will meet the punishment he deserves. My poor pen is at your service if I can serve you, but he seems to have fallen into the hands of such an able antagonist, that I hardly think he will ever show signs of life again—if such a being can be said really to live at all,—and left to himself he will probably fall of his own weight to that low obscurity from which he must have originally emerged, to attack a lady who I am sure never injured him.

"With kind regards to Miss —— and to Mr. ——, I remain very truly,

"Your most obedient servant,

"—— ——."

Such letters should possess sufficient weight to influence critics whom nothing else can influence but selfish motives; for they speak the sentiments of the best part of all communities on such outrages as the one we are dealing with. As has been often said, if the suffering of *one* can be made to save *others* from suffering, then it has not been in vain.

If the recital of the wrongs one author has endured at the hands of malignant reviewers can be brought to bear in such a way as to save others from similar suffering, then it is wise and well to hold up to critics a glass in which they "may see themselves as others see them,"—with all the odium which hypocrisy, bearing false witness, slander, and abuse of power have heaped on their shoulders; too huge a weight for a mortal to bear, were it not an invisible one.

The critic who conscientiously administers his words of rebuke with his words of praise, will find many appreciative and kindred souls to help make his life sweet and strong. When he has had the least thought of self in his mingled censures and encomiums, he may learn in after life that he was ministering to his own interests unawares. The fruit of his just endeavor may come to him at a time when he has forgotten the good seed that he planted, which blossomed in some other life and left its fruit to him. It may be only in the form of some kindly words dictated by a flattering tongue and inspired by a soul that is approaching the Eternal Land. But of such simple acts are born the flowers that make life's journey less rugged, and give us foretastes of a life where all is love.

If authors were more appreciative, critics would be more painstaking. The proportion in which gratitude is felt depends, it is said, upon the degree of nobleness in the nature.

Authors, from that very peculiarity of organization which enables them to idealize—to take their flights of fancy and to feel sympathy with each character that they create, ought to be among those who possess what is called "the rarest of virtues—*gratitude*."

The appreciation of their readers is so grateful to them, that they in turn should take a lesson from it, and return their thanks to those critics whose reviews show that they have read the books they are reviewing.

Books that are not read should never be written of by critics as though they had been. It is just as *dishonest* to do so, as it would be for an assayer to pronounce upon the quality of gold that has not been tested in his crucible. The reviewer who wishes to be an honest one, as far as his limited opportunities permit, will confine himself to saying what the book *seems* to be, not what it *is*.

"The gift of the pen is an enigma; once an author, always an author," says Bulwer. Genius is destiny, and will be obeyed; you must write despite yourself, if you have the gift. It is true that not all who have the infirmities of genius have its strength, and we are too apt to apply the word genius to the minds of the gifted few; but in all of us there is a genius that is inborn, a pervading *something* which distinguishes our very identity, and dictates to the conscience that which we are best fitted to do and to be.

In so dictating it compels our choice in life—maps out our work—and if we resist the dictate, we find at its close that we have gone astray. The power of the writer is breathed into him as he lies in his cradle. It is a power that gathers for its own use all the experiences of life.

The writer is forced to make use of all that comes to him to use; oftentimes he is driven to his work against his will. Friends may oppose, acquaintances ridicule, strangers wonder why one should work who need not work.

It is all the same; in vain the author's best loved ones may quote Horace's words, "I would keep the vulgar public from all whom I love—all who are sacred to me," the writer *must* utter that which is given to him to say. It is the voice of inspiration in him, and he cannot turn away from it.

Such an author the compiler of these papers once knew. She was well born and carefully nurtured. She had no need to use either hands or brains for selfish ends; but her gift made its genuineness known in the utterance of the verse-maker and the prose-writer.

She always wrote under a *nom de plume*, never giving her name to the public. One day one of her anonymous articles revealed her as its author to some of her readers.

Addison has told us that "there are many passions and tempers of mankind, which naturally dispose some persons to depress and villify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own deserts. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see in him a superior; and if there were any who once thought themselves his superior, they envy him because they *know* now that he is their equal.

"If you want enemies, excel others: if you want friends, let others excel you."

The family of this writer were not wanting in knowledge of these truisms, and they, one and all, opposed that use of the pen which the writer was compelled by the genuineness of her gift to make. By and-by there came a time when all their predictions and fears were realized.

She who had hidden herself from the public was dragged before it, and petted with coarse ridicule of the same nature as that which once stung and tore an English poet of the utmost sensibility; but he was a man, and she was a woman. It takes a *coward's* hand to strike a woman a blow; a *brute's* hand to deal blow after blow upon a woman! As in the excitement of the chase, men (and women too,) feel fiercely the hunting instinct, the desire to pursue and run down *something*—"the disposition to follow the fugitive, common to dogs and anonymous reviewers;" so, day after day, week after week, this author was pursued—the pursuers hounded on by persons such as Addison describes, until at last their victim's health broke down and her mind came to dwell only upon the indignities which had been heaped upon her by the newspaper reviewers of her "innocent and (locally) much needed essay." Day after day, night after night, sleepless and scarcely swallowing food, she lay, indifferent to all that was going on around her. "If they would only kindle a fire and burn me alive, I could bear it; not one moan would I utter; but this dreadful publicity, these disgusting charges, how can I endure them?" she asked over and over, before the days came in which she ceased to talk, to weep, to pray even. Every nerve in her body seemed stripped from its covering of flesh, and so intense was the suffering that she longed for death.

The hot house flowers that came pouring in from sympathizing friends lay unheeded by her bedside. And so the days went on, bringing no change to her, no relief to the anxieties of the one even more tortured than herself, who hung over her.

In the meantime the following notice of the persecution waged against her, written by a Western lady passing through the city, had appeared in *The Press*. It is given in full as a tribute to the one who penned it. Mrs. T. L. Dickey, wife of Judge Dickey, of Ottowa, Illinois, under date of March 1st, 1873, wrote the following communication:

UNSETTLED POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

"To the Editor of The Press:

"SIR:—We like fair play and hate to see a woman unjustly assailed. We have never read anything more reprehensible than the assaults on a lady of this city because she was suspected of the authorship of an article in *Lippincott's Monthly*, entitled 'The Unsettled Points of Etiquette.'

"Willis laid down laws of etiquette until he died, and no one objected. Carl Benson wrote a severely sensible article for the *Galaxy*, of February, entitled 'Casual Cogitations,' and, under the head of 'Impoliteness as a National Institution,' called our attention to some unpleasant truths. The critics were content. Said the *Evening Bulletin*, of this city, 'The raising of the tone of our national manners is one in which all are interested, and though manners will never supply the place of morals, the combination is a most happy one, and the consummation one devoutly to be wished.'

"True, *Mr. Bulletin*, but to elevate the national manners we must begin with the manners of individuals. By gentle observance of little courtesies, and rendering them in an acceptable manner, each of us in our little sphere aids the general harmony of society.

"Carl Benson talks to us as a nation. A lady, with equally good intent, addressed herself to a smaller sphere, and rehearsed many points of etiquette sometimes neglected, and suggested rules for cases hitherto left to private judgment. Her desire, evidently, was to bring about a general understanding as to what should be, that all might act in harmony. In illustrating, she unfortunately mentioned certain instances, which, without doubt, came under her personal observation. She did not dwell unkindly upon them; she merely mentioned them; and though, perhaps, they had better been omitted, the reference to them will in no wise justify the coarse criticism and ill-natured abuse—yes, even calumny—which has been poured on her hapless head; and she a woman! and this from the press of our city, with one savage touch from a neighbor (*), incited by a certain malignant here. We are sorry to know that these things can be. Editors are generally just; yet, in this case, they have opened their columns to the fulminations of private spite, and allowed those who deemed themselves slighted socially to assail a defenceless woman with every form of malignant venom.

"Criticism is one thing; abuse is another. Criticise the article as you please; but let the woman alone. The idea that the woman who makes her pen the vehicle of conveying her thoughts becomes herself thereby a fair subject for criticism and assault, has been long since abolished; yet most respectable journals have permitted it in this case. If the truth had been adhered to, however spitefully expressed, it had not been so shameful. But when a refined and elegant woman is called by offensive titles, her history misrepresented, and one invented for her husband, because she ventures to suggest some rules of etiquette, a tyranny is permitted, which, once encouraged, will soon find other objects of persecution.

"We mention no names in this matter, for everybody knows who is alluded to, and we will be understood without needlessly dragging them before the public. The husband is a practical, intelligent business man, a kind friend, and a good citizen; the wife is a lady of rare culture and high literary attainments, of singularly pleasing manners, and a gentle sensibility which will fit her to suffer keenly under the present ordeal. We trust she will remember that, while a few assail, a great number sympathize with her, and though their sympathy cannot be loudly expressed on so delicate a question, yet all who know her, whose respect she ought to care for, regret profoundly the annoyance to which she is subjected."

—*New York Tribune.*

This defense was followed by others. On the afternoon of March 21, there appeared in *The Day* a long editorial, followed by a second one on March 6th. These articles were the ones referred to in the last letter quoted from; but the author of the essay did not at the time appreciate the efforts of the "able antagonist" as she afterwards did.

The writer finds in the note book from which she has culled her material for this especial illustration of the evils arising from anonymous criticism, a letter, from which she quotes the following passage. It was written at a later date by the author of the essay, (on the eve of her departure for Europe, where the physician ordered that she should be taken for the purpose of diverting her mind from dwelling upon the cruelly painful experiences to which she had been subjected,) in reply to one of the articles written by friends, and submitted to her to use as she pleased, entitled "Settled Points of Etiquette." This paper ended with these lines:

"Of the merits or demerits of the article, we have nothing to say; they have been more than fully discussed; but against the vituperative criticisms which rankle with *personal* jealousy and spleen, we protest in the interest of journalism. The tone of the articles referred to reflect more upon the characteristics of the critic's welfare than on the subject matter of the article discussed."

QUOTATION FROM THE ESSAYIST'S LETTER IN REPLY TO THE WRITER OF THE ABOVE DEFENCE.

"MY DEAR MR. ——:—I have just learned that your departure has been delayed, and I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your ably written MSS. which I have transcribed in my collection. I wish that it had appeared in some journal, as it was just such a defence as I would have liked to see, together with a fair review of my essay.

"When the editorials were published in *The Day* I said, 'Deliver me from my friends; they will do me more harm than my enemies.' I would rather have no defence than such as this!' But when I found that my slanderous attackers were silenced, I appreciated the quality of the blows that had been dealt; although it must always be humiliating to me to remember that any one had to wield such a bludgeon in my defence.

"R—— C—— writes that 'when one fights ruffians, one must use the weapon of ruffians.' I am sure he is right. He adds, 'Like Talma, you have had war to the knife with the ab-origines, or ab Indians, that have attacked you; only with this difference, that he delighted in it as *they* do, but you do not. The editor of *The Day* is right; one cannot deal with such creatures as if they were ladies and gentlemen.' * * * I am now entirely reconciled to my way of escape. Were it otherwise, I would be like some prisoner, who, after having been bound day after day, and night after night, to a rack of torture, complains when a stranger leads him out into the sweet fresh air and glorious sunshine, because he is taken through a passage as dark and noisome as is the dungeon he escapes from; grieving because it is a stranger's hand instead of the hand of an old friend, etc. Cordially and sincerely yours,

"—— ——."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMENTOES.

BY P. M. B.

Down deep in the lowermost drawer,
Away from the cold, careless gaze,
They lie in a time-tinted cover—
Mementoes of earlier days.

There lies in that precious package
A note; but the delicate hand
That traced it hath long swayed a sceptre
Afar off in Beulah's fair land.

Beside it a lock, brightly silvered
With time and the toils of the past,
Is laid; but the Infinite bosom
That weary head pillows at last.

Another, of deep glossy blackness,
Recalls a beloved mother's care.
She went ere the dews of life's evening
Had fallen, the kingdom to share.

These others—ah! well, 'tis enough;
The ribbon all soiled to untie;
Too bitter the griefs they awaken—
Touch not—undisturbed let them lie.

He only who fashioned so wisely
The heart, can its secrets best keep;
Then, wake not their sad, mournful echoes,
But tenderly hush them to sleep.

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

Having made up his mind to offer Nell marriage, Hombert resolutely shut his eyes to every obstacle in the way, and to all that might be distasteful in the performance of what he deemed a duty. He would be pleased, or at least content, let things happen as they would. And he resolved further, that the following afternoon, when he was to visit the Gardnills again, should not pass without an unmistakable revelation of his interest in the girl.

It so chanced, when he was again at Mrs. Gardnill's house, that he had a fine opportunity, and he improved it to such advantage that Nell could not misunderstand his bent. He was getting along famously, he thought, and was really surprised that it was so easy to initiate love-making to a girl who had not in the least taken his fancy. In this frame of mind he was quite unprepared for the course of conduct which his advances encountered.

"Do you remember our talk in the boat?" Nell suddenly asked.

"Yes."

"About the story of Jacob?"

"Every word of it!" he declared earnestly.

"I believe every word I said then!" Nell continued, coldly.

"Has Leela been talking to you?"

"No."

"I did not know. She seems somewhat interested. Did I tell you that she followed me last night?"

"No," replied Nell, opening her eyes.

"Yes; she forbid me to come here," said Hombert, with careless good humor.

"Tell me what she said!" and there was fire in the girl's dark eyes.

"Why, not much," he replied, seeing too late his mistake in mentioning the affair.

"Tell me, Mr. Hombert," was the firm rejoinder.

"I don't think I remember it all. It was of no consequence."

"Did she tell you about—about the church social?"

"Yes," he admitted, reluctantly.

"I will not have this!" cried Nell, keeping back her tears, but speaking as if forgetful of Hombert's presence. "She shall not parade these things before people! Oh, me! oh, me!" she exclaimed, as if bewailing the impotence of her mortification and anger.

Of course this blunder put a chill upon the young man's spirits. He realized uncomfortably that he was instantly overborne whenever the girl's feeling was aroused. It was so in the boat; it was the same now. Certainly; for (but this simple explanation Hombert did not hit upon) she acted upon impulse and under the spur of passion, while he moved habitually in conformity to considered rules and approved motives.

But it was his present business, he remembered, to be pleased with this girl—to make the best, not the worst, of her as he found her. And with stern self control he kept to his task; all the more sternly because the last outburst was a fresh proof of the deep feeling of Nell in regard to everything that had grown out of their unfortunate affair at Port Sangus.

Hombert purposely so regulated his conduct that Mrs. Gardnill, as well as Nell, should take hint of his purpose. The mother of course ignored the demonstration, but she did it without the least sign of displeasure. As the time for his departure drew near, with easy grace she thanked him for his visit, expressed again her gratitude for his services on the shore, and hoped he might be in Millfield again soon.

"Why," Hombert replied, "I am here pretty often. Two weeks from to-day I shall be here. I leave the railroad here to do some surveying in the country eastward."

"We shall expect to see you, Mr. Hombert, whenever you come to Millfield," responded Mrs. Gardnill cordially.

"I am very much obliged to you for that invitation," he said with emphasis.

"If we had such a thing as a silver snuff box," the lady rejoined playfully, "you should have it with the freedom of Millfield."

"Thank you! I could not wish for a kinder invitation."

"A snuff box always suggests pinches, to me!" was Nell's contribution to this pleasantry.

"Ah! but it makes all the difference in the world who pinches you!" retorted Hombert.

"Not to me," said Nell coolly. "A pinch is a pinch. I can make nothing else of it."

Was that accidental? Hombert pondered after he had taken his leave, or did it refer intentionally to the several pinches which he had given Nell, the last stupid one that very day? This little passage increased his discomfort; but, as usual, he thought more of it as an indication of Nell's suffering than as a thing unpleasant to him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOOL IN THE HANDS OF MR. JEEK.

In most things save unscrupulous, low cunning, Gardnill was infinitely the superior of Mr. Janus Jeek. Nevertheless, the former was now merely a tool in the hands of the lawyer. Loathing the business he was engaged in, and loathing himself for being engaged in it (cheat his conscience as he would), Gardnill's courage to break away regularly failed at its very rising, for the whispered words of Jeek that had been so potent at his first revolt, still remained as an ever present terror before his mind. He grew pale when he reflected on this, and became the pliant tool of the cunning Jeek.

The lawyer and his tool went to Millfield together, arriving a day or two after Hombert's visit there. Mr. Jeek did not propose to make his appearance at Mrs. Gardnill's house; but he thought it well to be at hand to look out for unexpected developments, or in case Gardnill should require the stimulus of his presence at the last moment. Except in this way, Mr. Jeek on this trip had nothing to do but to browse on beard and moustaches, and this he did with such persistence that Gardnill was well nigh wild with nervous annoyance in observing him.

When they reached Millfield, Mr. Jeek led the way to the hotel. Mr. Jeek registered both names and secured one room for both. Mr. Jeek announced supper, and led the way to it. After supper, Mr. Jeek led the way to the billiard-room, ordered cigars for two, and seated Gardnill in a chair beside him to watch the playing. Then Mr. Jeek led the way in a walk before bedtime.

Under the lawyer's guidance they walked a little way on the main street, and then turned into a back street, on which the houses were few and mean. Gardnill's nervous disquietude had been steadily increasing all day in the companionship of Mr. Jeek. The gloom of this locality and hour rapidly augmented the feeling. The straggling, small, half-finished houses, set flat on the wet ground, and as destitute of adornment as an ash-heap, seemed infinitely more desolate than the unbroken wilderness a few rods beyond them. Accustomed to the country as Gardnill was, its familiar desolation had yet a peculiar effect upon him now. At last he could withstand the depressing influence no longer.

"It's bad walking here! Let's get on to a better street," he said.

"Come on!" replied Mr. Jeek. "I w. n' to see what's down here."

In a moment they had passed the last of the straggling houses and were at the end of the narrow plank sidewalk. The lawyer stopped, fumbled in his pocket for something, found it, put it to his mouth, and produced the sound known to hunters as a call for wild turkeys. But Mr. Jeek's turkeys were some distance away, or they were in sound sleep, it appeared; for when he had repeated the call twice there was no sign of anything but the volceful frogs in the darkness before them. Mr. Jeek nibbled his moustache and called again. There was an answering call then, but from behind them. Footsteps were heard upon the plank walk, and presently the half-breed Leela came up, her long, easy stride quickened until her gait almost equalled in speed the trot of a horse.

"I was kept, and I got no time to stay. What do you want?"

That was her greeting, spoken to Jeek without waiting for him to speak.

"I might want you to tend to business a little better. You knew when I would be here," replied Jeek distrustfully.

"I was kept," the woman repeated stolidly.

"Well, now you're here, go on to the hall."

"Tell me what you want. I got no time," Leela said shortly.

"What's the matter with you?" Jeek demanded, making a pause after each word.

The woman made no reply, but after an instant's hesitation led the way into the wood. At a little distance they came to a small clearing where the trees had been cut and left as they fell, branches and trunks crossed and confused. In the centre of this spot was a deserted log hut, quite capacious, but with no door to close its wide doorway, and with no windows, but a great square hole in the roof for window and chimney.

Something prompted Mr. Jeek to pleasantry here.

"Gardnill," he exclaimed as they entered the hut, "I welcome you to the Halls of the Montezumas! This isn't a queen of the Montezumas, exactly, but she holds a reception here for my benefit once in a while."

This reference, of course, was to Leela, who stood sullenly by. Her acquaintance with the Gardnills did not date back far enough for her to know the man with Jeek as one of the family. At the mention of his name, she looked up.

"Who is he?" she demanded.

"Oh, only a friend of mine. I don't know his business and he don't know mine," Jeek replied.

"What do you want?" demanded Leela with no manifestation of satisfaction or the reverse with the explanation.

"Have you found where old Noe quechic-a-ming lives?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes."

"Seen him?"

"Yes."

"Does he remember?"

"Yes."

"What does he say they called your mother?"

"Old Pierot's daughter—Bill Rollick's Indian—Mrs. Rollick."

"Was Noe que-chic-a-ming there when Old Pierot gave your mother to Rollick for his wife?"

"Yes."

"Regular Indian marriage, he says, don't he?"

"Yes."

"When did your mother die, as he remembers?"

"Six years ago."

"Does he know that Rollick acknowledged Old Pierot's daughter as his wife?"

"Yes."

"Does he know that Rollick acknowledged you as his child?"

"Yes."

"You see, Gardnill," said Jeek, "boat high and low, there a'n't no such thing to be found as a divorce of Rollick from Old Pierot's daughter. That was an Indian marriage, but it's good to-day in common law. A little careless, those old settlers, about such affairs when they got back from the frontiers and wanted to marry white women."

Gardnill made no answer. He understood now that the questioning of the half-breed had been for his benefit as well as for the information of Mr. Jeek, and he saw with new dismay that the lawyer was fortifying himself to make good all his threats.

"You see, Gardnill," resumed Jeek, as if he were affording the most delicate and delightful entertainment, "there a'n't much doubt that the courts would say this woman is William Rollick's lawful heir, by that common law marriage. I'm looking up the matter for her; I think there is a little inheritance due her—not much, but worth having; particularly as this woman has a great liking for Nell Gardnill, and wants the property really more for Nell's sake than for her own. There's poetry for you! one woman falling in love with another! If this claim is put forward, it will be bad for any woman who thought she married Rollick after he went back from the frontier, because he could not marry, having an Indian wife living. Bad for that woman, and bad for her children, either by Rollick or any one else after him. But that's no business of this woman's, or mine, and it don't trouble us, for we don't know what became of Rollick or that he ever pretended to marry again. We're very much bound up in Nell Gardnill, a'n't we, Leela?"

The sullen half-breed made no answer. She was keen enough to see that the lawyer's talk had some purpose not disclosed to her. She had been cautioned again and again to keep her claim a secret from everybody, and she knew that it was not revealed by the lawyer now without an object.

Mr. Jeek treated himself to a handful of beard in his satisfaction with this masterpiece of cunning. He was actually, by working upon the half breed's covetousness for Nell's sake, getting ready a scheme the success of which would disinherit and disgrace Nell. And what a slender prop sufficed for this scheme to rest upon! Only the half-breed's ignorance of the fact that Rollick did pretend to marry a white woman, to wit Mrs. Gardnill, and that Nell was the issue of that union, and not the child of her mother's second husband, by whose name she had been known from infancy.

Thus Mr. Jeek had two claimants for the Rollick inheritance—Nell and the half-breed; and as Leela knew nothing of Nell's heirship, she served a double purpose in the lawyer's hands—she helped efficiently to work up her own case, which Jeek now used as a menace to get control of Nell through Gardnill. In reality, Jeek intended to encounter the difficulties of establishing the half-breed claim only in case he failed to get control of Nell's inheritance.

But even the contemplation of his own matchless cunning could hold Mr. Jeek but a moment.

"Excuse me, Gardnill—a little privacy between lawyer and client, you know," he said as he drew Leela aside.

The woman was in a little worse temper than usual, and had excused her tardiness in a way that excited Jeek's curiosity. He wanted an explanation, and knew well how to get it. A little cajolery, more browbeating, a very trifle of coaxing, and a great deal of false assumption of knowledge soon got out of Leela the information that the cause of her detention was a falling out with Nell because of her continued acquaintance and growing intimacy with the young man Hombert. Leela would endure no rival, and all the Indian in her nature was concentrated in an increasing hatred of Hombert.

For the present at least, Mr. Jeek desired that the half-breed should remain with the Gardnills, which she might not do if she quarreled with Nell. Neither must any one acquire an interest in Nell that might stand in the lawyer's way. In these views, Hombert appeared as a disturbing element in the area of Mr. Jeek's operations.

"I'll fix him!" Mr. Jeek assured the half breed as if he were doing it solely to oblige her; "he shall not fool around there much more!"

Then Mr. Jeek dismissed the woman and resumed his attendance upon Gardnill. That dispirited individual was marched back to the hotel, marched to his room, and put to bed—all done by Jeek, and in as perfect consonance with Jeek's views and with as complete disregard of the other's possible desires, as if Jeek had brought Gardnill back from the Halls of the Montezumas in his pocket, and put him away like a doll.

Next morning Mr. Jeek led the way in getting up; in making a very simple toilette; in going to breakfast; in smoking in front of the hotel afterward; and finally in walking down the street to the third corner, which was a good point from which to start direct for Mrs. Gardnill's residence.

And then Mr. Jeek launched his emissary at the unsuspecting household.

To do Gardnill justice, it must be said that—barring periodical loathings and twinges of conscience—he had well cheated himself with his resolution to mend his ways if he were admitted into the family again, and to then stand between them and Mr. Jeek. He went on his errand, therefore, with a better countenance than he could otherwise have shown, even in obedience to the direst threatenings of Mr. Jeek.

It was the middle of the forenoon when Gardnill reached the house. The grandmother opened the door to him. The others were out.

"May I come in and wait?" he asked, seeing that he was not recognized.

The old lady assented, and leading the way into the house, took her usual seat. Gardnill felt strangely uncomfortable, the house had so changed since he last saw its interior.

"You don't remember me?" he said inquiringly.

"I don't charge my mind with people's faces," she answered. She was looking at the fire with half closed eyes.

"I see you have your little trunk all safe yet!" he said, pointing to a small hair-covered trunk as large as a toy, which always sat on a table at the old lady's elbow.

She was roused instantly. With a quick glance of distrust and fear, she took the little trunk hurriedly into her lap, and patted it with one hand as she would soothe a child.

"What should you know about it, or me?" she cried.

"I used to call you mother," he said in a soft voice.

He need only have looked in the old lady's face to learn the deep dislike with which he was regarded in that house.

"It may be! I never expected to see ye again!" was her blunt retort after looking at him intently—less, it seemed, to recall his features than to guess his present disposition.

"I didn't expect a warm welcome. I know that I have not deserved it," he said meekly.

"Maybe you're gettin' now the warmest ye'll find in this house!"

"I deserve no better"—he was very humble—"but I want to make amends. I hope you won't advise Mary against hearing me."

"A man that would stay away from me ten year, or ten days, might stay forever," spoke the old lady in steady, slow tones. "I know nothing o' such men, nor want to know. But Mary may do as she will. If so be there is repentance in your heart, I'd not take it upon me to break you down in it."

Gardnill expressed and felt gratitude for this. Already, as Mr. Jeek afterward declared, he "was on the sweet side of the old lady."

"I want to reunite the broken family," he went on. "I have thought much about them lately. Poor Nell! she must need a father. She never saw her own father, you know."

"Like her mother before her!" said the old lady softly.

"Do you remember the date of Rollick's death?"

"December of '49."

"And his father died in the East only a week before?" Gardnill was verifying Jeek's facts by the grandmother's recollections.

"We had not heard of the death when Mary's man died," she replied.

"He was a curious old man. Didn't he make his will so that Mary could get nothing?"

"Yes, but she wouldn't have quarreled with one of 'em for a cent if he hadn't. They took upon themselves to slight her from the first, but none o' them had a higher spirit than my girl. She never troubled 'em—not she; though it wasn't worth quarreling about, the whole that the old man left."

"No," replied Gardnill—"no; but it was curious that——Here is some one coming, I think!"

It was somebody entering the house by the rear door.

"It's Mary," the old lady said.

Scarcely had she spoken when Mrs. Gardnill's fine strong face, with its many proofs of youthful beauty, appeared in the doorway.

Gardnill involuntarily arose and put his hand upon his hat, which was on the table at his side. Though he had long drilled himself for this moment, he was now as much at a loss as if he had never thought of the meeting. The very house was all changed to him: nothing looked like what he had once called his own. Had he himself grown as strange to the people of the house? Had the woman before him grown as strange to him?

Had she grown as strange? Ah, stranger—infinitely stranger! As he saw her enter the room, not knowing he was there, for an instant she wore something of the look which he remembered as of long ago. But this look vanished and left no trace as her eyes fell upon him. Had she been transformed into stone in the twinkling of an eye, the change would not have been more complete, nor more startlingly sudden.

As he had never seen it or thought of it before, he now saw at his feet the chasm which had been widening between them for years. Far upon the other side stood this woman, as cold and still and pulseless as the cold and still and awful space that divided them.

The sound of her voice recalled him, it seemed, to consciousness as from a spell. Showing no trace of emotion, she asked:

"What have you come here for?"

With a feeling of desperation—he was so at a loss, so chilled—he answered:

"Where else should I be? Where else should I have been any day these last ten years?"

The man was melting in the fierce heat of unfamiliar emotion. The woman was passive as a statue.

"Why do you come here to ask that?" she demanded in even tones.

Had he then fallen so far away from her? For a moment he forgot the base mission which he had cheated his conscience into accepting. He had no other feeling than a wild yearning for some recognition—in any form, in any words—from the passionless woman before him! If not of the present, then at least of the past! Surely they had a past in common; it might be far gone, long buried, forgotten in all save in that it had been; but it had been! Once he was something to her, and she to him; could she now reach back and make even the past a blank? Lightly as he had held it heretofore, now it was maddening that this dim, neglected, unprized past should be put away as if it had had no existence!

"Oh, Mary! Mary!" he cried, stretching out his arms toward her.

She put up one of her hands as if to ward him off, and once more demanded:

"What have you come here for?"

The man yielded. Turning from her with a gesture of despair, he sunk into a chair and bent his head upon the table, quivering as with an ague.

Mrs. Gardnill still stood motionless.

"Mary," said the grandmother softly, "he says he has penitence in his heart."

There was no answer.

"Mary," the grandmother said again, "his head and yours are turning gray. Is it better that you should die apart, and leave your children——"

"Hush, mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Gardnill imperiously.

But the paroxysm of the man's emotion had now passed. He raised his head and said reproachfully:

"Mary, I came back to reunite a broken family—to make amends for——"

"You came to make amends!" she exclaimed, interrupting. "What have you to make amends with? Where is the harvest of your last ten years? Have you money or estate?"

"I have not!" he answered sorrowfully.

"Have you honors and position?" she demanded pitilessly.

"I have not!" he made answer, his eyes cast down.

"Bankrupt in purse, bankrupt in character, bankrupt in years and strength, you come to make amends!" she cried with merciless scorn.

"Mary," he pleaded, as if seeking some shelter from her wrath, "Mary, is restored affection——"

"Affection!" she interrupted with infinite derision—"affection! Let that go with the rest of your ten years' harvest!"

The manhood was gone out of him utterly. And now the woman stripped him of the wretched cheat he had made for himself.

"I do not know," she said coldly, "why you came here. But it was not to make amends. Amends, indeed! Doubtless your object was one worthy of—what you are! I know what the character of such an object must be, and I do not care to know more particularly about it!"

She waved her hand as if to dismiss him.

"Mary," he cried, still struggling for a shelter, "I thought I might be able to do you a service."

"You can!" she cried quickly.

He looked at her inquiringly, hoping, yet afraid to hope.

"You can do me a service!" she repeated—"the only service I want at your hands!"

She crossed the room and threw open the door.

"Go out here!" she commanded, "and forget the way back for twenty years, as you did before for ten!"

He looked at her for an instant—that cold, pulseless woman separated from him by a great chasm—and then took his hat and went away with bowed head and broken spirit.

When he had gone out unattended, and had closed the door behind him, the passionless woman turned from the place where she had last seen him. And then her face, majestic a moment before in its cold wrath, broke up in strong agony—as when the still white surface of a frozen river is suddenly upheaved and thrown into wild and surging torrents by a loosened flood.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, throwing herself upon the old grandmother's neck, "why do you not kill me? Why can I not die? He is the father of my dead boy!"

* * * * * * *

The failure of Mr. Jeek's first actual movement in his cunning design upon Nell Gardnill bade fair for a time to be disastrous. For Gardnill was so utterly dispirited by his reception at the hands of his wife, that it seemed he would face Jeek's sternest displeasure rather than venture upon even the chance of a second experience of the kind.

But Mr. Jeek, besides being, as he said, "all business," possessed another quality, which he described by the assertion that he was "a stayer." So he pondered while he chewed his beard, and chewed and chewed until he had planned his next step.

Meanwhile, it was not intended that Gardnill should withdraw from the enterprise; and therefore Mr. Jeek, while he chewed, set about repairing the shattered resolution of his tool.

CHAPTER V.

DECISIVE STEPS BY JOHN HOMBERT.

Had Nell Gardnill inspired in John Hombert the fancy which is mistaken for love, he would have been blind to her faults while he magnified her virtues. Not being possessed by such a fancy, however, he was able to see at least some of her faults, while he did not see her greatest virtues, for the reason that the best of human qualities are not those which can be displayed in the ordinary intercourse of a few hours, or even a few weeks.

It may be fairly said that Hombert had counted the possible cost of the step he had resolved upon. He knew very well that if his motives were all laid bare, and, with every circumstance and consideration that influenced him, put before the men among whom he moved, his action would be generally laughed or sneered at. He could think of but one friend to whom he could confide this matter unreservedly, and feel safe from both reproof and ridicule. That friend was his mother, in her distant Eastern home.

Hombert was doing nothing in ignorance, or rashly. He took his course deliberately, choosing to accept whatever consequences might follow.

Three or four days after his return from Millfield, Hombert was sitting in his little surveyor's office at Hardston one morning, when a stranger entered. He came in without knocking, and in a bustling way; he did not close the door behind him; he sat down without invitation; he did not remove his hat; he threw one leg over the arm of his chair; he took a cigar from his mouth, spat upon the floor, twisted a lock of his beard into his mouth and chewed it viciously. Then he emptied his mouth, and said:

"John Hombert, I suppose."

"Well!" responded Hombert with instinctive dislike of the fellow, and rising anger at his conduct.

"My name is Janus Jeek. I'm a lawyer at Port Sangus."

"Well!"

"I am professionally connected with a case that concerns a certain family at Millfield."

"Well!"

"To come to the point," said Jeek insolently, deceived by Hombert's manner, "I am informed—in fact, I know—that you are keeping up your acquaintance with Miss Nell Gardnill; and it must be stopped. It is notorious, and it is injuring an important interest which I have in charge."

"Do you bring this as a message from either of the ladies of the family?"

"No—I act on my own responsibility."

"Do those ladies know of the professional connection you speak of."

"I'm not here to be cross-examined by you, sir!"

"Well, Janus Jeek!" said Hombert in a dangerously quiet tone, as he rose from his chair, "I've gained some unlucky reputation lately by knocking down men who meddled with my personal affairs. I don't covet the reputation of a bruiser, and if I did, you're not a decent subject to practice on. Will you get out?"

But Hombert did not wait to see whether he would or not. Before Jeek could clear his mouth of beard, the other had seized his coat collar and raised him to his feet. Before Jeek could speak, he was thrust out of the room and the door closed behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT STYLES IN LADIES' SHOES.

Sandals, or simple protections for the *sole*, kept in their place by ties or laces, formed undoubtedly the oldest species of covering for the ladies' feet. The Egyptian sandals were formed of palm leaves, papyrus stalks, and similar light materials, neatly and firmly plaited together, and fitting the shape of the foot exactly. Some of these articles had the toes turned up, like modern skates; and most commonly the laces which encircled the instep and ankle were joined by one from the toe. In a more complete foot-covering the inside of the sole was lined with linen, having figures drawn upon it. The Egyptians converted these woven sandal-shoes into most elegant articles of wear.

The Roman ladies wore a sandal with an upright heel-piece, from which ties passed to the front. An abundance and richness of lacing and a quantity of ornaments were appended to them by the wealthy, who decorated their feet with precious stones, and wore ivory crescents on the instep, to distinguish themselves from the lower ranks. The color of the leather used was generally a bright red. Some ancient shoes have been preserved, in which the wooden soles were arched like pattens.

Among the Chinese and other Eastern nations, shoes and boots of silk, satin, or light leather, richly embroidered, have been long in use. Turned-up points, or peaks, of considerable length, have ever been the fashion among the Orientals. A Chinese lady's shoe or boot is a curiosity in more respects than one, being more like a receptacle for a quadruped's hoof than for the human foot. The quantity of sewing and embroidery upon them is also amazing.

Of the foot-covering of Queen Elizabeth's reign an old writer thus speaks: "They have corked shoes, pulnets, pantofles, and slippers; some of them of black velvet, some of white, some of green, and some of yellow; some of Spanish leather, and some of English, stitched with silk, and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot, with other gewgaws innumerable."

The shoes of the Merry Monarch's court became ridiculous for their high heels, a peculiarity borrowed from the Italians. High-heeled shoes were usually called *chopines*; but Evelyn, in his diary, gives them the more appropriate name of scaffolds, and, speaking of Italy, tells us that the ladies were obliged, on walking abroad, to have a servant on each side, in order to lean upon their shoulders. The English dames must have been nearly in the same predicament, for their feet were placed, as we see from paintings of the day, at an angle of forty-five degrees, or nearly so, by the heels which they affected.

Pictures in the Fire.

BY CELANIRE.

Scene—An old-fashioned library, in which a fire is burning on the hearth. In front of the fire are three children; at the window, the grandmother knitting.

[GRANDMOTHER LOQUITUR.]

'Tis a strange sort of night, this. How the wind howls in the trees outside, and sends the white clouds drifting, drifting, drifting like phantom ships over the dark sky. Now and then the moon peers out in a ghostly way, and shows the trees swaying to and fro, and tossing their branches up towards the sky as if they would fain clutch and drag her down with those gaunt, spectral arms. On so weird and lonely a night as this, I turn more gladly than ever to the fire on the hearth.

My three bairns, Jamie and Hal, and the wee golden-haired lassie that comes between, are stretched on the rug before the fire.

How their tongues chatter over the pictures they see there. Mountains, valleys with ruby brooks, and trees of topaz, heaps of fairy gold, castle-crowned rocks, armies of men fighting; all these, and more, they see.

And little Alice declares that a certain glowing spot in the red-hot centre of a log is the grotto in which the fairy princess is held prisoner until her knights shall have vanquished that black dragon outside.

But the prettiest picture of all is what they themselves make against the Rembrandt background of dark hangings and carved oaken furniture of the room—three rounded, childish faces smiling dreamily in the rosy firelight, three tiny hands supporting each a plump little chin, each child perfectly unconscious of its grace.

Looking at them so, there comes to my mind a story—the story of the picture known as Raphael's Cherubs.

One day, as Raphael was painting his great picture of the Madonna, two little boys came to the window of his studio, and leaned on the sill to watch him paint. Day after day the little fellows came. They always took the same position—the elder child leaning on one elbow, while the younger, whose head scarcely reached above the window-frame, laid both of his little fat hands on the sill, under his chin. And one day they looked so pretty standing there that the artist put them into his picture as cherubs.

Ah me! who knows into which one of the many pictures which their imaginations see in the fire, the Great Master may transfer *my* bairns?

O happy, innocent hearts! May the dragons which you shall meet in after years be as readily vanquished as yonder one, on which the fire slowly, steadily gains.

FACETIÆ

"A legal conveyance"—The prison van.

"Taking liberties"—Depriving people of their independence.

An old bachelor remarks that the ancient Amazons, despite what history says of them, failed in but one respect of being perfect. He says they were satisfied to a up with killing the boy babies alone.

At most boardinghouses it is not always an interesting mental exercise for the boarder to ascertain whether the reason why he ate so little at breakfast was due to the knives being so dull or the beefsteak so tough.

In summer, when a young man who has been paying assiduous court to a number of decoctions partly made up of frozen water, is seen to slip and slide considerably over the pavement, it would be an error of judgment to put the blame on the ice.

On his marriage an English pugilist forswore the ring and fighting forever. In afterwards explaining to people why his bills for arnica and linen bandages were so large, he used to say that when he made the promise he had failed to notice that his wife was possessed of red hair.

A student in geography having answered that the world was round, was asked by the professor if he could give some proof. He said he thought nothing else but the curvature of the earth could account for people so commonly and persistently running down their shoes at the heel.

A baby in Ohio has got three eyes. Should he grow to manhood and show the national fondness for beer, the confusion to which his enlarged assortment of optics may give rise on his arrival at that condition when common people usually see double, can only be remotely guessed at.

Political economists and art writers fail to take a certain view of the present keramic craze. The practical use and even the æsthetics of lumbering the house with pottery, jars, vases, etc., may be questioned, but none can deny that there is a splendid field for their utilization when the heads of the family or the subordinate members have a free fight.

A West Philadelphia schoolboy brought home his copy book all black, blurred and blotted with ink. Preparations were rapidly under way, on the paternal side of the house, to administer a dose of correction for such careless habits, when the boy said: "Why, father, it wasn't my fault. You know there's a little colored boy that has his seat next my desk, and yesterday his nose bled all over my book!"

A mother whose daughter had made her debut at a large ball the night before, meeting a gentleman who, although a little passé, was considered one of the arbiters of a debutante's fate, said, "What did you think of my daughter at the ball last night?" "Excuse me, madam," he replied, "but I am not a good judge of painting." "Yes," replied the lady, "but you never saw an angel that was not painted."

The spiritualistic theory that furniture sometimes moves apparently without human agency, often receives strong confirmation from unexpected sources. Any person who has suddenly and inadvertantly entered the front parlor Sunday evening will find it hard to reconcile the violent agitation of the rocking-chair with the quiet situation of the young couple seated on opposite sides of the window, as though they had been there for hours.

A Scholar got mad at the Schoolmaster, and when the latter laid down his Arithmetic on the boy's Bench to go for his Rattan, the Mad Scholar put some Carpet Tacks on the book. When the Schoolmaster returned to whack 'im with the Rattan, he was suddenly struck himself by a deep thought and inadvertently sat down upon the Tacks, to his very great surprise. Moral: The Government should make it a Point not to put too great a Tax on Education.

Landlord—"Thunder and lightning! What do you mean by coming round a man's house at 1 o'clock in the morning and waking him up with such a horrible noise as that, when you don't belong to the establishment?" Stranger—"A'n't the fourth story of this building to let?" Landlord—"This is no time to come to look at rooms." Stranger—"I don't want to look at them. My wife has already examined and is disposed to engage. But this is the hour that I generally get home, and I wanted to find out for myself the convenience for getting in and upstairs without making any noise."

FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLES, as well as Complaints of the Throat, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is certainly a palliative and often a curative, as the testimony of thousands and its world-wide reputation attest. For Coughs or Colds no surer or more effective remedy can be found.

JUNE DAYS.

BY JAMES HUNTER MCCULLOCH.

In the lyric of life the sweetest refrain
Is made by melodious June;
Whose rich rhythm rounds the sweet tune
Again and again.

While we lovingly linger we long
To hold fast the creeping, fleet year;
And keep as a rhyme in the ear
The soul of the song.

The soul that leaped into life on the day
When WILL YOU was wed to I WILL;
And the year and the song stood still,
For love barred the way.

And the song and the year as onward they run
Will loiter with June, the divine!
Whose music will lengthen the line
When life's poem is done.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"And I think I hadn't. Do you think, because my lady condescended to see you once, that she's to be always letting you in whenever you fancy you want anything of her? My orders were that your brother was to write down what he had to say in answer to her question, and I'll thank him to make haste about it."

"Oh, she shall have it," said Jem Bragg; "everything that she wants. Write away, Mat."

The dumb man took a piece of paper from his pocketbook, and wrote upon it carefully and legibly for a minute or two. Then he folded it and put it in a small envelope, which he found in the same receptacle.

"It's safest so," he said with his fingers to his brother, as he gummed it securely. "Tell Miss Pearce to make my humble duty to her grace, and say that is all I can remember about the matter."

Lizzie went back to the Castle with her missive. It defied her curiosity to open it, and had she done so she would scarcely have comprehended it. It merely set forth that Matthew Bragg had not left the vicinity of the Hollow for some time on the night in question, and that he had seen everything that went on there, which was not much that her grace didn't know of.

Little as it was, it was enough to make the duchess wring her hands and moan in despair.

"Don't, my lady," said Lizzie Pearce. "Can nothing be done?"

Hilda looked sharply at her.

"You know?" she asked.

"I know something, my lady, and guess more," she replied.

"Why did you not tell me? Why did you not warn me?"

"My lady, I couldn't. I never knew whether you were dead or alive till I got the letter and the money, and then it was too late to write, and I didn't dare telegraph, let alone the cost."

"What shall I do? What can be done?" said the duchess, pacing up and down the room in a whirl of agitation she made no effort to check.

She had torn the paper Lizzie had brought her into minute pieces and thrown it into the fire, so that the girl could not guess at what the dumb man had written.

"The danger must be faced, my lady," she said. "It is awful to think of, but it will not find you unprepared."

"It will. It cannot find me otherwise. Who can prepare to fight such a future as that scrap of paper has opened out to me? How can I face a danger when I do not know from what part of the compass it is likely to come, or how it will meet me? It may be close at home—in England—or it may be at the uttermost end of the world; but it exists all the same."

"Perhaps not, my lady; it may not exist at all. You may never hear of it again."

"Ah, if I thought there was such a hope, Lizzie," said the duchess, with flashing eyes, "I'd lay down my life almost to make it a certainty. I'd give up all I have now, all my hopes, all my triumphs, and be plain Hilda Sforza again, without a penny in the world, to have that doubt lifted off my mind."

Whatever the great anxiety was the duchess bore it bravely. She grew painfully thin in a very few days, and there was a worn look about her eyes; but she was as lively as ever, and promised to allow a doctor to be called in to her when she went to town, if the change of air and scene did not restore her.

Breakspeare House, the West-end residence of the duke, did not need much refitting. It had always been kept up with palatial splendor, and the duke's agents had not suffered it to decay in any way. A few additions had been made to the furniture now that a young and beautiful duchess was to be the presiding genius of the place, and flowers bloomed in banks and rows on the balconies and in the conservatories.

Curiosity was on the *qui vive* about the new duchess, and when she did appear all London rang with the fame of her marvellous beauty. The third drawing room, which the duke had selected as the one at which his bride should be presented, was decidedly the most brilliant of the season.

Few who looked upon her as she swept up the long room in her trailing white robes to the foot of the throne to kiss the hand of the Queen's gentle representative could have imagined that mixed with her triumph there was a terrible dread—a hideous fear that in the gay throng she should see one face that would be the Nemesis to overtake her, and make her render an account of days and hours in her guilty life that her husband knew nothing of. They only saw a beautiful bride—lovely, loving, and beloved—and thought her the most fortunate woman on the face of the whole earth.

The duke smiled and chatted, and received the congratulations of his friends on the possession of so fair a treasure; but he, too, had a secret trouble—the first that had entered his heart since the day when he had led his darling to the altar, and rejoiced to think she was all his own.

He had been blind and deaf hitherto to all save his happiness. There had come to him now rather a rude awakening, and it had to be made intelligible to him by and by.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE BARONESS.

The fallen daughter of beauty
I see thro' her disguise—
And pity rises in my heart;
And tears are in my eyes.
—*Mary Howitt.*

The London season was at its height. Spring flowers were everywhere, and a very merry and noisy party of ladies and gentlemen sat in the large room of a Greenwick hotel overlooking the river.

The fairest of the women there—and beauty was not wanting, though its charm of modesty was lost—was a tall girl, for she was little more in years, splendidly dressed in a robe of some shiny purple material, which contrasted well with the dazzling whiteness of her complexion and the masses of golden hair that fell in what seemed unconfined luxuriance over her shoulders. A ribbon of the same color as her dress, studded with bright gems, seemed to confine it, but its seemingly careless arrangement had cost her hours of trouble before she brought it to its present state of perfection.

She was known as the "Baroness," and was seated next a very young nobleman in years, but older than any whitehaired patriarch in this world's wickedness. He was paying dearly for his initiation into the ways of sin by broken health and a drained purse; but he was going headlong on the downward race, and might not be checked yet. He came of a race fastidious to a degree in purity, where the men were honored and the women respected; yet he had turned from all old associations of his birth and education to find his companions among the lowest of the low. The readers has seen the woman at his side before—at the King's Arms, Stafford, and at the Haymarket restaurant, where Jem Bragg and his dumb brother had called to see her. Sarah Wills had developed into "the Baroness," and managed to hold her own in the society into which she had plunged.

Talk ran high on all sorts of topics at this somewhat noisy party. People were discussed in much the same way—though in coarser terms maybe—as we discuss our friends at home, and the Duke and Duchess of Castletowers came in for no small share of remark.

"They say there's witchcraft in the affair," said the young man by the side of Sarah Wills, whose name, by the way, was Lord Augustus Marshland, "that the lady has the evil eye, and so subjugated him."

As he spoke his lordship took out his pocket-book.

"I can show you what this new duchess is like," he said. "I picked up a *carte* of her by accident at Jenner and Bond's—stole it, in fact. It's a spoiled copy, but I should say gives a very good idea of what she is like. They have been photographing her in every imaginable style. Her portraits will be the rage, I can tell you, after the drawing room."

He took out a photograph and threw it on the table.

It was as the young man had said, a spoiled specimen, but the marvellous beauty of Circe was untouched. It was only a head lightly surrounded by a cloud of feathery lace, and the smiling features looked as guileless as a baby's. All admitted its beauty, the men especially.

"Now, Baroness, what's your opinion?" he asked. "Beauty or not?"

"Oh, beauty, decidedly," was the reply; "that sort of face always is beautiful. Ah! good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing; I've seen the lady before—that's all. Look out for squalls in the Castletowers horizon, ladies and gentlemen; they'll come before long."

She would not say any more, and the party broke up with their curiosity at its utmost height; but the Baroness would not satisfy it.

"I'll tell you, Gus," she said to Lord Marshland, as they returned to town. "There'll be as pretty a row by and by as ever made a fortune of a newspaper. You remember what I told you about the lady who stopped at the inn at Stafford when I was barmaid there?"

Gus knew very well. He had been made *au fait* to most that had passed in her previous life.

"Well, this is the woman."

"The duchess?"

"Yes."

"By Jove!"

"Whatever went on that night, mischief was meant and done; and I know of two men who know what it was. They said the lady's husband was killed in a railroad accident not long after; but it was a lie. He was only identified by his coat, but he wasn't wearing it. I know who it was, for he had it from me."

She covered her face with her hands, and a few tears trickled through her fingers.

She did not burst into passionate sobs, as she had done in the presence of the hostler and his brother. She was growing harder now, and had her emotions under better control, but there was some feeling left in her heart yet—a tender remembrance of her earlier and purer life which will linger in the heart of a woman, let her be ever so wicked.

"Good heavens! What an awful thing!" said the young man when the story was finished. "It's a dreadful affair. What a thing for the family!"

"Yes," she said, bitterly; "about the same as if you had married me, Gus, and found me out afterwards. You see, that gentleman may be alive now—I believe he is, and that those men know it—and if so, she isn't the duchess at all, but Mrs. Bracy Burgoyne."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. What can I do?"

"Tell them; they may both be 'ignorant of the knowledge,' as Macbeth says. They may do something to arrest the catastrophe that seems likely to come about. You have no certain knowledge that the man is alive?"

"I know nothing more than I have told you; I suspect a great deal, and guess more. Can't you go to the duke?"

"I'm not in his set. I don't know him."

"Write to him, then."

"I never commit myself on paper, my dear Baroness. No; I'll even let things take their chance, and stand back and see the play. It does not concern me."

"But it does concern me," said Sarah Wills to herself. "If it comes out there'll be a row about that coat and the money. If I could see the duchess, and warn her, she'd help me out for gratitude's sake, and shield me. I'll try."

The Baroness kept a maid, and that young person was pretty considerably astonished at her mistress's toilet the following day—a black dress, denuded of its trimmings, a plain bonnet and thick veil, and a large cloak over all. Her fair hair was brushed plainly back from her face and plaited up in a coil behind, neither *rouge* nor powder were permitted on her face.

She looked a respectable, plain woman, of a good ten years older than her real age.

Her maid opined that she was dressed for a masquerade, but was sharply bidden to hold her tongue, and mind her own business, and Sarah Wills set forth in a cab to the duke's house.

She was curtly informed that the duchess was not at home, but persistently refused to go away till her name had been sent up to her grace.

To the porter's surprise, a message came down that her grace would see Sarah Wills, and she was shown upstairs into Hilda's dressing room.

The duchess thought herself alone, but Lady Royston was in the adjoining room, and the door was ajar. She heard every word of the colloquy between Hilda and the stranger, and sat down on the bed when it was over, gasping, and trying to steady herself by holding the bedpost tightly in her hand.

"I must be going mad," she said; "quite mad. It is all some hideous dream. I'll go to Hilda. I have fancied the whole thing."

But Hilda was stretched senseless on the floor, white as death, and the good lady knew that what she heard was real. She rang the bell and summoned Lizzie Pearce.

"Keep her quiet," she said, "and don't let any one go near her. She has had a shock, and there's no knowing what may happen."

"Something has happened, and that woman's at the bottom of it," said the girl to herself. "Is it all coming to an end, I wonder?"

Hilda's first words confirmed her suspicions. She sat up and looked wildly around her.

"Is it over?" she gasped. "Has he come?"

"Who, your grace? No one has come."

"But Sarah Wills was here. She knows. Does all the world know? What is to be done?"

"Hush, your grace, hush!" said the girl, soothingly. "No one knows now that has not known all along; they are only finding you out—that is all. You are rich; they make it a matter of money."

"She didn't; she only came to warn me, she said—to give me time to escape. Escape—ha! ha! From what? From home—from everything!"

She laughed hysterically, and it took all her maid's powers of soothing to prevent her screaming.

"I don't know who the woman was, she said, "but they should never have let her into the house. Depend upon it, her story was only trumped up. She knows a little, and has invented the rest. Let me dress your grace; the duke will be waiting."

And Hilda took comfort from the fact that Sarah Wills possibly knew nothing, and therefore that there was no more to be dreaded than there was before, and allowed herself to be dressed in shining silk and soft lace, and went down to the drawing room smiling and radiant as was her wont.

CHAPTER L.

NO SECRET.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive.
—*Scott.*

Lady Royston kept her room that evening, refusing to see even Lady Euphemia, and excusing herself from joining the family at dinner on the plea of a headache.

"I am ill, tell her grace," she said to Lizzie Pearce. "I cannot come down; but if she will come to me I shall be glad."

And, dinner over, Hilda went, with a sick chill at her heart, but a defiant smile upon her lips, and condoled with her ladyship on her indisposition, which was apparent in her white face.

"It is no wonder I am ill," she said, "I have had a shock. Have you nothing to dread, Hilda Brakespeare, that you can face me with a smile, when you know what is hanging over this miserable house?"

Hilda opend her eyes very wide, and stared at her questioner.

"What should I dread, dear Lady Royston?" she asked. "I think your head must be worse than you say, and the pain is working on your nerves. The only thing I dread is the drawing room, I must confess to a very great horror of that solemn occasion. Whatever I shall do with my train I don't know. I have a terrible presentiment that I shall come to grief, and approach the presence of Royalty on all fours."

She laughed; but her laugh was not so musical as usual. It had a hard sound in it that told of a severe mental strain.

"I do not think you will enter the presence of Royalty at all, your grace."

"Why not?"

"Because only women of untainted names and pure lives are admitted there."

"And do you mean to insinuate that mine is a tainted name—that my life has been impure?"

"I fear so."

"Lady Royston, I can only suppose that you are delirious or mad. If you only sent for me to insult me, let me go, if you please. The duke will talk to you better than I can."

"The duke! Ah," said Lady Royston, her voice breaking into a sob, "my poor Lal! Perhaps you would prefer that I should say to you what I say now—question you about the dark secret of your past life, and ask, 'What have you done with your husband, Bracy Burgoyne?'"

She had hit the blot—the shaft had gone straight home, and for a moment the room and all in it whirled round with Hilda. Lady Royston saw the whitening face and the moving lips, that vainly tried to utter a word, and she knew that what she had heard had been no dream. It was only for a moment. Hilda recovered herself almost directly, and spoke without a trace of emotion in her face or manner.

"Excuse me if I do not quite understand you," she said. "What have I done with my husband, Bracy Burgoyne?"

"Exactly. Those were my words."

"I imagined that you knew—I was under the impression that every one knew—how Mr. Burgoyne met his death. The facts were too public, unfortunately, to be concealed. It was a terrible affair."

"The accident was very dreadful, doubtless; but it could have had little horror for you."

"You speak in riddles still. If you mean that my unfortunate husband and myself were not on good terms at the time—though how you found that out I cannot imagine—the fact doubles the horror. The last time we parted was in anger, and I never saw him again."

She shivered a little, and put up her hands to hide her face, and Lady Royston went on mercilessly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OYSTERS.—The art of fattening oysters in artificial beds was first taught us by the Romans. Feeding pits being first invented about ninety years B. C., they were first constructed upon the shore of Baiæ; and even as early as the reign of Vespasian, the British oyster was famous in Italy.

A LADY'S CONFESSION.

I did not mean to love Richard Holden, but, somehow, a woman is always doing the most inconsistent things. If I had said to myself, at our first meeting, "Now I shall love that man by-and-by," I dare say we should have been polite enemies soon enough; but he repelled me so strongly then, that I was thrown off my guard.

I could not help meeting him. He began to transact my aunt Tracy's business when I was seventeen; and, after that, scarcely a day passed without our seeing him either at morning, noon or night. A good lawyer, a thorough and refined scholar, standing high in his profession; yet there seemed to be a subtle under-current to his life which was in direct and deadly antagonism to his character as a man. A woman never would trust him fully, though she might love him well enough to coin her heart's blood for him.

Before I grew accustomed to it, a kind of suffocating feeling used to creep over me when before him, and his presence had in some way excluded all the air and light and sunshine; and I remember well what a relieved free breath used to come when I was sure that the door had closed between us, and that he had certainly gone.

I suppose he meant to make me his slave from the first, though he never confessed that much. He was not a man to tell his purposes, either before or after their completion; but whatever he willed was sure to come. If your happiness and his resolves clashed, be quite certain that your happiness would go down. That was nothing to him in comparison with the accomplishment of his plans; and, what was more than all, if once he had acquired the slightest influence over you, he would hold that influence for ever.

This was the man I was destined and compelled to love. I had never been controlled at all, and was wilful and obstinate under restraint, as he soon learned. My aunt used sometimes to send me to his office with papers, and once, the first time he tried his actual power over me—though I knew he had been watching and measuring my strength for weeks—he wished me to return immediately with a message to her. I had other arrangements and intended to carry them out.

"You will take these back directly, Miss Adelaide," he said, writing a hasty line, after I had delivered my papers one morning at his office.

"I am not going home yet. Your office boys will do as well," I answered, walking towards the door.

"They are busy?"

"Busy? Ah!"

I smiled a little, for I knew his clerks could go wherever their master wished, at any hour of the day, and besides I saw them at work in the adjoining room. He lifted his eyes and looked at me a moment.

"I wish you to take them," he said in a resolute tone, as if he knew he should be obeyed.

"I am obliged to you," I said coolly; "but my aunt would not wish the reins of government taken from her own hands. Good morning, sir."

I walked out of the door and half way down the street; then turned, and retracing my steps went into the office again, and took up the papers, and carried them home to my aunt. I hated him for it though, while I felt that it was folly to attempt to thwart him. I was not strong enough to cope long with such an adversary.

That evening he came to the house, but by no word or sign did he show that he felt his victory, though I was very well aware that he considered it as such. As he was leaving he asked my aunt's permission to take me to a concert on the following afternoon.

"Thank you, Mr. Holden, but she has an engagement," my aunt answered in a decided tone.

I understood by her tone that she did not dare, or at least did not wish to trust me with her confidential adviser.

After he left my aunt sat for sometime without speaking. What her thoughts were I could not tell; but I knew from the sternness on her face that they were far from pleasant ones. At last she turned and looked at me searchingly.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Has this man ever shown you any particular attention, Adelaide?"

"This man? Who do you mean?" I asked, as I had forgotten our evening visitor.

"Richard Holden!"

"Not the slightest. Why?"

"Be cautious of him, my dear. He is a deep, resolute man; remember."

"But he is your lawyer. You trust him."

"I trust his business qualities, but not his heart, Adelaide;" her voice grew excited and earnest. "It would be better for you to die here to-night than to love that man."

"Do not fear," I answered. "I am far enough off from loving him now."

I spoke bravely, but my tones belied my true feelings. I had no faith in myself, knowing what the man was, and knowing that his eyes were upon me.

That evening was the beginning of the change that was coming.

Our outer lines moved on as usual, but he knew and I knew that there was more than a two years' stretch between my seventeenth birthday, when I had never looked into his eyes, and my nineteenth one, when I had a thousand times shrank away from his burning, conquering glance.

I never walked a step with him alone; my aunt would not have allowed it. But he used to ask me to play for him often; and while my fingers were running over the keys, he would talk to my aunt of securities and bonds and stocks, and she would listen as if she thought he was really thinking of what he was speaking, as I suppose he was, in one way; but if I stopped he was at my side in an instant, and, "You will favor us with one piece more, Miss Adelaide," came in his slow measured tones, while his eyes were looking straight into mine.

A dangerous man he was, in truth—more dangerous than even my aunt had imagined.

On Wednesday evenings it was my aunt's custom to attend the church services, and on one of these occasions, when she had gone and I was sitting alone, the servant ushered in Mr. Richard Holden. I was startled at seeing him, for such a thing had never happened before, and I knew he was aware of my aunt's absence.

He deliberately removed his gloves, declined taking off his overcoat, but loosened it a little, run his fingers through his hair with a slight nervous motion—a rare thing for him—and sat down.

"Your aunt is away?" he began with.

"Yes. She is at church. You wished to see her?"

I said it because I did not know what else to say.

"No. I came to see you," he answered.

"Indeed? I am proud of the honor. Shall we discuss business matters?" I said, with a poor attempt at lightness.

"I have something else to say to you," he replied, his voice cool and steady as I had ever heard it in my life.

"I shall be happy to listen to you," I answered, determined to appear as unconcerned as himself.

He turned his eyes from the fire to me.

"You have a sister in Hampshire, I believe."

"Yes. Why?"

"You had better go there for a year."

"And for what reason, pray? You make a singular remark."

He rose suddenly, and taking a turn across the room, came back, and leaning one hand against the mantle, looked down upon me.

"Because you love me!"

"What!" and the blood rushed to my face in torrents.

"Because you love me," he repeated, never for an instant losing his self possession.

"You knew three years ago that I was a wicked man—perhaps a scoundrel, but for all that you love me to-night as you will never love another. You dare not deny it. Your will, strong as it is, was nothing to mine. You could not resist my power."

He was waiting for some reply, but my lips were sealed.

"You love me, I say. Tell me if it be false?" he said, peremptorily.

"No!" I whispered fiercely, my eyes dropping, and my cheeks growing cold and bloodless.

He bent down and drew my face to his for an instant. The touch of his lips sent the blood surging through my veins.

"You love me—let me say it again—therefore I have come to you to-night to warn you, and to tell you that you were not mistaken in your judgment of me. I am a villain! I have committed a fraud for ten thousand pounds on——" he whispered in my ear the name of a certain banking house. "I shall leave the country before to-morrow morning, and, as you see, you must go to another place than this."

He waited a moment to see the effect of his words, but I was still and quiet as if death had struck me.

"You would die to remain here, where everything tells of the man you love," he said, his voice growing tender and pitiful for the first time. "I shall come for you some day."

Little fear but he would do that! He kissed me again—then, catching up his gloves and hat, hurried out of the door, leaving me in a bewildered stupor, more like insanity than anything I had ever experienced before.

I dragged myself to my room, and crept into bed. Oh, for the sweet rest, the tranquil sleep, which would never come to me again! Alas! I was bound with cords to a living torture—a more than inquisitional rack.

I gained permission to pay a year's visit to my sister, after I knew that Richard Holden was safe away from the keen detectives, and I kept my own bitter counsel. No danger of his being betrayed by any word of mine!

After I had been in Hampshire ten months, one stormy, tempestuous night, when the wind swept in mad fury, a horseman stopped at our door and inquired for Miss Adelaide Stuart.

"She is here. Walk in," I heard my brother-in-law say; and Richard Holden came in and stood before me.

I knew how white my face was growing as he reached out his hand and clasped mine, and I half remember introducing him to my brother and sister, but only half. I soon learnt that we were to be married in three days, and that I was to accompany him abroad.

My sister came into my room after I had retired that night, and sat down upon the bed beside me.

"Did I understand that you were to marry that man?" she asked.

"Yes; in three days."

"In three days? You shall not, Adelaide! Who is he? Why have you never spoken of him?"

I did not answer, and she went on.

"It is this that has made you so gloomy. At any rate, I am very certain that no sister of mine shall marry a man she does not love," she said decidedly.

I started up.

"Love! Oh, Mary! I should go with the man if he took me to the end of the earth!"

She threw her arms about my neck and burst into tears. I did not cry—I could not. My eyes were wild and dry as fire.

"I shall come home to you, Mary, when he is dead," I said after a pause, shuddering as I spoke and clasping her hands tightly. I felt then that our sojourn together would not be for long. "I can never live in London again. Write, after I am away, and tell aunt Tracy so, and say to her I am Richard Holden's wife. She will understand the rest."

Three days thence, while the rain was pouring down and the sky was black and gloomy, I became Richard Holden's wife, and before noon we were at the sea-coast and aboard a steamer bound for Alexandria.

A year ago I came back to my sister's home and heart, leaving my husband's mortal remains upon a foreign soil. His life was stormy, mysterious and sinful; his death sad and dreary. But how do we know? Perhaps Heaven had mercy in the end.

EARLY RISING.—It cannot be denied that early rising is conducive both to the health of the body and the improvement of the mind. It was an observation of Swift that he never knew any man to come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning. Though this observation of an individual is not received as an universal maxim, it is certain that some of the most eminent characters which ever lived, accustomed themselves to early rising. It seems, also, that the people in general rose earlier than they do now. In the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present a shopkeeper is scarcely awake at six. The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired at eight in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped between five and six in the afternoon.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, in adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

STRENGTHENING GLUE.—Powdered chalk, brickdust or fine sawdust, added to glue, will make it hold with more than ordinary firmness.

NEW WHEEL TIRE.—A new wheel tire has been recently invented. It consists in passing around the usual iron tire a rubber tire, and around this again an iron tire in sections, so that each section may yield inward as the weight comes upon it. It is said to lessen noise, jarring and wear.

OZONE.—A French scientist has made experiments with ozone. He found that in oxalic acid solutions ozone may be preserved longer than while using other fluids for this purpose. Another fact is very remarkable; the decomposition of ozone is slower in sunlight than in the dark; also, ozone which after preparation was left for some time and not immediately used, had a more energetic disinfecing action.

THE MICRO-TASIMETER.—The latest of Edison's inventions, and perhaps the most interesting to physicists, is his micro-tasimeter, or measurer of infinitesimal pressure. The thermopile, hitherto foremost among delicate indicators of changes of temperature, must now be consigned to the rear ranks, and the radiometer, which exhibits the motive power of the most subtle forces, must retire before this instrument that can even weigh that force.

FIBRIN.—It has been found that the white of eggs, on being boiled in a vacuum, turns solid as fibrin. In order to ascertain if the yellow of eggs has some influence on this reaction, experiments were made, and it was found that when a small portion of the yellow is admixed, the solidification of the albumen, as mentioned above, is five times quicker. This fact, besides being a matter of great importance for physiology, allows us to obtain the albumen in a more pure form.

VEGETATION.—That vegetation of a certain kind will not only exist but flourish without rain appears to have been proved beyond doubt, for in Dr. Schweinfurth's account of his journey across the Arabian desert he mentions that in one part, where no rain had been known for six years, he found some acacias and tamarisk, still green and flourishing, while the last traces of herbaceous plants had disappeared. A sky-blue salvia was found in profusion in more favored locations.

ADULTERATION OF SOAP.—The following recipe is extracted from one of the leading foreign trade journals: Saponify 600 kilo. cotton seed oil, 300 kilo. tallow, and 200 kilo. bone oil, with potash lye at 18° in the usual manner. A thick mixture is then made of solution of potash, potato flour and soluble silicate of soda, and two parts of soap are crutched thoroughly up with one part of this mixture, boiled, and mixed with more soda lye till the total weight rises to more than double that of the fatty matter originally present. It must be remarked that when trade organs thus openly recommend sophistication, caution is needed on the part of purchasers.

IS MERCURY A RING?—Prof. Huxley in a recent lecture says: "A bright spot was seen on Mercury's disk. It appeared to me perfectly central and of sensible magnitude. My eldest daughter, who observed with me, described it as a mere point and quite central, as if the disk were a round piece of black card, and the bright spot were a hole pierced through with the compass point in striking out its circular outline. I noticed one feature in the bright spot which seemed to me decisive as to its subjective nature; when a small cloud passed over part of the sun's face, nearly the whole of which was in the field of view, the bright spot perceptibly waned in brightness, though not crossed by the cloud. This I noticed distinctly three several times. Another feature—perhaps a mere illusion—was that it seemed to me, as the spot thus waxed and waned in brightness, that it was triangular in shape. I could not distinctly recognize this peculiarity when the lustre of the spot was steady. The aspect of the spot was not perceptibly modified when the telescope was released from the driving clock and Mercury allowed to approach the edge of the rather wider field of view.

FEMININITIES.

Old maids are politely styled belated sisters.

Women never truly command until they have promised to obey.

Milliners' bills are the tax on the male sex for the beauty of the female.

Paris belles attend the Exposition in brief skirts ending at the ankle.

When a wise man plays the fool, a woman is generally at the bottom of it.

A man's loving heart can sow the most desert female face with flowers of beauty.

A bachelor merchant's advice on selecting a wife: Get a piece of calico that will wash.

It is not a misfortune for a young lady to lose her good name if a young man gives her a better one.

Female education is often a gaudy and tawdry setting, which almost hides the jewel it should bring out.

"Marriage is the graveyard of love!" an unfortunate man said. "Yes, and you men are the gravediggers," retorted his wife.

"I am astonished at your sentiments, my dear young lady; you make me start——" "Well, I've wanted you to start for the last hour."

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to begin. "With all my heart!" was the soft response.

A Detroit woman is being reduced to her last dress because silk is so high that she can't wear it, and calico is so cheap that she won't wear it.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, replied that he did it out of revenge.

"Go on, young man—she is not here!" said a Pennsylvania preacher last Sunday in the middle of his sermon, to a youth he saw standing hesitating at the door.

Laura (with a novel)—Oh, if this tale were only true, and I were the heroine! Kate—What! with all her persecutions and miseries? Laura—Ah! but then she got a husband!

Mamma—Jennie, what makes you such a bad girl? Jennie—Well, mamma, God sent you just the best children that he could find, and if they don't suit you I'm sure I can't help it!

Young Man—The moon is always just the same, and yet I always find some new beauty in it. Young Woman—It's just so with the circus. (He bought tickets for two, at once.)

The following despatch went through by telegraph recently: "Charley and Julia met at St. Louis yesterday—quarrelled and parted forever—met again this evening and were married."

Whenever you see a fashionably dressed lady afraid to make the acquaintance of the wife of a respectable mechanic, it is a sign her father or grandfather hoed potatoes or made shoes.

Instead of sitting up nights and wearing the down on her cheek off on some fellow's vest, an Indiana girl has during the last year earned six hundred dollars by cultivating broom corn.

An English writer says that white hair is so becoming to the face that many woman are never pretty till they are old. The long reign of hair powder, lasting through a century, was a memorable tribute to the beauty of old age.

A young lady who is doing the Alps reports progress to her guardian: "I tried yesterday to climb the Matterhorn; didn't near reach the top. It is absurdly high—everything is in this country—please to send me $——."

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death through brooding apprehensions.

Beautiful woman (with artificially increased color) to a soldier wit—How is it that, having obtained so much glory, you still thirst for more? Wit, with more force than politeness—Ah, madam, how is it that you, who have so much beauty, should still put on paint?

Young lady, very much shocked—"Oh, ma, did you notice that insulting puppy that passed us? I looked at the wretch till he got way out of sight, and he had the impudence to stare at me, the horrid thing; and just as he turned the corner he actually lifted his hat and bowed!"

A PEEP INTO BIRDLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

"Tut, tut," said the Wren, his funny little bill opening with a snap. "Don't look as if you were ready to dash in, like a hawk with beak and claw. It would be scandalous to suppose we were otherwise than peaceably inclined upon this interesting occasion. I think none of us will be disturbed by your going or staying."

"Maiw, maiw, put the kettle on, kettle, kettle, kettle, t'wit, t'wit," shouted a little Sparrow, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

This diversion happily restored good feeling, even the aristocrat, the Jay, came to terms, in admitting that he might make them a visit "Some day."

After this the several motions already given were in their turn, adopted, and the business of the meeting was proceeding harmoniously on, when the Cat Bird solicited a hearing with his strange cry. The little wood birds all started to their feet, and there was a flutter of wings, but the Cat Bird, assured them they had nothing to fear. "It is a way I have of introducing myself," he said, and was proceeding in a loquacious strain, to chant his own praises, when the Red Start, jumped to his feet, and moved that the Cat Bird be reproved and silenced.

But upon consultation, he was given the privilege of speaking, provided he confined himself to the subject discussed.

The Cat Bird acknowledged their courtesy in a less affected manner, and then continued: "I move," he remarked, "that we offer them all the plants that grow berries: the blackberries, the tall elder with its juicy globules, the luscious fruit of orchard and garden, the ruby raspberries, and the strawberries. Let us invite them to partake freely and fully, as their tastes and appetites dictate."

"You are planning their extermination!" cried a King Bird flashing with metallic lustre his silver and steel, "how long will they be permitted license in the fruit trees before some rascally gun is pointed at them, or a stone from some pitiless monster hurled to their death."

"The age is improving," said a Phebe Bird in a loud voice from an upper limb, "youngsters are not fond of throwing stones, or wantonly shooting, when their pockets are in jeopardy."

"That's a good shot and a stunning argument," said Mocking Bird, throwing his foot over his head.

There was a universal titter, which the Mocking Bird failed not to echo.

A Black Bird in a discordant voice, made the assertion that stones were hurled nevertheless. "Only yesterday," said he, "I saw a comrade fall while a party of us were taking our morning meal on a cherry tree. But we fixed their cherries for them. They are all hanging by their stems, stripped of their luscious covering. We had our revenge, and gave them stone for stone."

"You Black Birds have been looked on as arrant thieves, ever since you came out of the shell," said an excited Flicker, fanning himself with both wings. "I have no doubt many of you have deservedly fallen in the midst of your depredations."

"No doubt you are right Mr. Flicker," said the King Bird, "but the Black Bird's assertion proves that no bird is safe in the fruit trees."

"What then!" exclaimed the Cat Bird in a little fury, "because *one* Black Bird has admitted that a portion of his tribe are impudent thieves, must we like cowards, abandon the fruit, and leave all to become the prey of dastardly insects? I challenge you of my neighborhood to witness if ever I carried away a cherry or strawberry, that did not contain the proper grub; only in this way I get my wine with my dinner as your Honor is often accustomed to do," and he made a graceful gesture of courtesy to the occupant of the chair.

"How about settling for your wine bills with forehead and beak all bespattered with the red blood of the cherry. I'll venture to say there are not many present who would care to be in your feathers about that time," said a Black Bird wiping his bill.

"If I can judge from the attitude and attention of the rapt listener, when I pour forth a melody unrivalled by any singer, or rare stringed instrument, they are well repaid who own a cherry tree," replied the Cat Bird. "As for bills I never run up any.

"I learn from the best authorities," chanted a Meadow Lark, "that you are bold and impudent, and once entered a a poet's sanctum, scattering his pens and carrying off his papers. I am not at all surprised at your troubles with the youngsters, or that they followed your flights with such pitiless determination."

"If that is so," replied the Cat Bird, "I must have been in search of building material. I have no need of assistance from poet or musician when I can compose my own ecstatic strains."

The whole company snickered at this repeated exhibition of braggadocia on the part of the conceited bird, and many unobtrusive minstrels thrust their little heads under their wings for very shame. Flickers flapped their mottled sides, and shook with inward glee, while the tickled Bobolinks burst into immoderate laughter.

Peace however was finally declared all round, and the members began proposing that some arrangement in the way of houses or nests be prepared for the expected strangers. The Oriole was the first to speak, and recommended his well-known habitation in a long speech.

"I admit, Mr. Oriole," said the Wren, "your house is a marvel of construction, but tut, tut, the situation—the situation, sir. Better adopt my plan, and build in the snug and hidden corner of a shelf. They are to be found under the eaves and on the window ledges of the pretty cottages where I live. Sweetbriar and honeysuckle crowd round in fragrant masses, affording shelter and adornment. Where can be found a more healthful retreat, or one more safe and secluded?"

"I know a better method," said a bright little Chick-a-dee. "I can lead them to many an aperture hidden and secure. Have you never seen a youngster decline to thrust his hand in a deep hole for fear of encountering a snake? They cannot distinguish a bird's nest of this kind from a snake hole, the ignorant rascals, and therein lies our safety."

"Yes," said a Woodpecker, trying to maintain his dignity and position while he saw a bold beetle running rapidly across his perch. "I think the Chick-a-dee's plan, which is similar to mine, the most secure," and down went his sharp bill right through his dinner.

"I can better recommend the basket form," said a little Sparrow, hopping up quickly to the front. "It is easily constructed, tidy and comfortable, and from its aptitude gives the nestlings an opportunity to watch for the coming food. Its seclusion moreover, under manifold green curtains ensures health equally as well as safety.

"I never lost a brood," observed a Martin, bowing and smiling in his serio comical way; "but my house is always crowded with relatives. I have no extra apartments; I would be hospitable if I could."

"Ha, ha!" cried the Bluebird, as he thought of his unceremonious expulsion from the Martin's box; "you are noted for your hospitality, to be sure. Was there ever a stranger, or guest even, given access to your mansion, or permitted an entrance? One no sooner alights, than with loud screams he is thrust from your door."

"You are giving a private experience," replied the Martin, with darkening brow. "You are an intruder, and attempted to force yourself into my presence, and rob me of possession. Your cry of paregoric is disgusting; my little ones are healthy, and have no need of your nostrums. You are a quack and intruder, and merited expulsion."

The disputants were called to order, when the Robin arose, and, striking an attitude, thought it probable the Sparrows would bring their methods with them. If not, then it would be time enough after their arrival to offer a style. "And furthermore," said he, "as you will all have an opportunity to exhibit your nurseries, they can then better judge what form to choose. Let this subject be laid on the table."

On motion, the following resolutions were offered and adopted:

1st. Resolved, That messengers be appointed to bear the decisions of this meeting to the coming throng upon their entrance to our groves.

2d. Resolved, That the committee arrange a programme for their reception, and to assure them of our friendship, and of our delight in their hoped-for presence and society.

The Sparrows, their cousins, were then chosen messengers.

After this the meeting adjourned, and every little plumed member hastened to his home.

* * * * *

The eventful morning dawned, and the arrival of the English Sparrows was heralded through Birdland.

The sweet summer air was full of freshness; the broad expanse above pure and golden.

The messengers sped to meet their cousins, and hailed their coming with rapturous greeting, to which the little feathered nymphs responded in their blithe manner, evincing pleasure and appreciation. Surrounded and attended by their little escorts, and met by the refined and aristocratic committee, they were ushered into one of the delightful parks on the outskirts of the city, henceforth to be their own. Ten thousand green banners floated in the breeze: myriads of flowers in full bloom filled the air with sweetness: new leaves and buds burst forth in the summer warmth, and all nature wore gay trappings of holiday attire.

Bright tints flashed in the golden summer sunlight as flitting songsters hied to their places in the over-arching trees. Tier upon tier of little forms, in every variety of costume, shook out their plumes and greeted their benefactors with rapturous cheers. It was like the merry tinkling of a thousand little golden bells. Right and left through the branches, hundreds of trained voices, that had been carefully allotted to their places by the committee, were ready at the first signal to commence their greeting.

The signal given, every tree becomes tremulous with a flood of melody. Rich and clear it flowed and floated in waves of exquisite harmony. Sweet voices attuned with sweet voices, some in majestive recitative, some in gurgling, muffled melody, and some in musical ripples pouring forth sparkling notes. Then again the chorus began in swells, echoing here and there with truth and delicacy of rendition, low, sweet and soft. Then, like the glad exultations of a triumphant host, they burst in one prolonged strain of melody, grand and glorious, sweet and thrilling, as if all the golden rays betwixt the earth and heaven, were played upon by angel fingers.

Positive poetry graced the movements of the choir during this outburst of song. Some poised on the tips of their little toes, swayed their tiny forms like lovely flowers trembling on their slender stems. Some gyrated in little flights, and with outspread, tremulous wing kept time to their own music. Thousands of little throats dimpled as their notes rose and fell, rivalling the little laughter-pressures on beauty's cheek.

It was lovely to witness the satisfaction beaming from the keen eyes of the little birds so kindly introduced.

From that time they were quite at home, felt and enjoyed the full liberty of possession, and made themselves familiar in the most frequented surroundings. From the park-suburbs they wandered into the streets, lighting on the curbstones, chatting with the pigeons, who always greeted them with a nod of civility.

It only remains to be seen if they will perform the rare service expected of them, or whether they will prove undeserving the distinction awarded them by their generous, and unselfish, American friends.

It is even now whispered that, unfaithful to their office, they are pugnaciously intruding upon the rights of those who were the first to bid them welcome. If this be true, and they prove ungracious, their extermination would be no more than just.

Another season may witness a called meeting of a far different character within the boundary of Birdland.

THE CHOLERA.—The Cholera was known in Turkey, Persia, Tartary, and parts of Asia, as far back as the fourteenth century, and we have no doubt such was the case; but it was only in 1830 that it extended its dismal ravages into Europe. In Asia, though it is a sad scourge, it is easily treated if remedies be supplied in time; and the cause or its ravages in Europe and America several years ago, was partially that it occasioned a panic, which superinduced the disease, and partially because it was a new disorder, which our medical men knew not how to treat.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

GIANTS.—The historian Josephus tell of Eleazer, a Jew, a giant over ten feet high, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after peace and the English author Plot, in his "Oxfordshire," 1676, says that a skeleton seventeen feet high was then to be seen in the town hall in Lucerne. It had been found under an oak in Willison, near the village of Heydon.

MOURNING FLOWERS.—Special flowers for mourning are now manufactured in Paris—artificial blossoms in an apparently withered condition. Thus, there are white roses with spots of decay near the heart and the edges of the leaves curled and tinged with brown, sprays of dying tea roses and tiny worm-eaten buds, hidden russet dead leaves, faded pansies and dried-up violets and purple and white heliotropes—all for those whose grief is not too deep for consolation.

LITERARY ACTIVITY.—There are some remarkable instances on record of literary activity continued to an advanced age. Cato learned Greek at eighty. Plutarch almost as late in life acquired Latin. Theophrastus wrote his "Characters of Men" at ninety. Colbert, the famous minister, resumed his classical and law studies at the age of sixty. Ludovico Monaldesco wrote the memoirs of his times at the age of one hundred and fifteen. Voltaire's faculties were unimpaired and his literary labors were continued until his death.

THE DISCOVERY OF INOCULATION.—Dr. Edward Jenner, the first to inoculate with the cow-pox virus, was a son of a vicar at Berkeley, England. A paper on the habits of the cuckoo made him a Fellow of the Royal Society. In May, 1796, he made his first inoculation. Parliament awarded him in all $150,000 for his discovery. He died in 1823. His attention was first attracted to the merits of inoculation by hearing a young country woman employed in a dairy remark that she had no fear of the small-pox, as she had taken the cow-pox.

THE FIRST PAPER.—As it is well known the Italians gave us the idea of newspapers. They were called *gazettas*, from the coin at which they were usually sold. The first paper was a monthly published in Venice. The first English newspaper was the *English Mecurie*, printed at London, 1588. The first newspaper in the collection of the British Museum is in Roman letter. It contains the usual articles of news, like those of to day. Periodical papers were generally used during the civil wars of Cromwell to disseminate feeling amongst the people. In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper in England. From the time of Addison newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works.

FATTENING BRIDES.—Throughout the Empire of Morrocco there are villages where the elder members of the adult population follow professionally the pursuit of fattening young ladies for the matrimonial market of Barbary. The Moors, like the Turks and most other Orientals, give a decided preference to "moonfaced" wives over lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their brides weigh than about the stock of accomplishments which they possess. A girl is put under process of fattening when she is about twelve years of age. Her hands are tied behind her, and she is seated on a carpet during so many hours every day, while her "papa" stands over her with a *mairague*, or big stick, and her mother at times pops into her mouth a ball of *couscoussor*, or stiff-made porridge, kneaded up with grease, and just large enough to be swallowed without the patient choking. If the unfortunate girl declines to be crammed, she is compelled; so that ere long the poor girl resigns herself to the torture, and gulps down the boluses lest she should be beaten.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

Nothing overcomes passion sooner than silence.

Many take less care of conscience than of reputation.

Kindness to a shivering beggar is a profession of religion.

True beauty increases, while false lessens, on examination.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving wisely.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more than he seems.

No persons can stoop so low as those who are over-anxious to rise.

We know ourselves through the constant study how to govern ourselves.

Vice is sometimes more courageous than virtue, because it has less to lose.

Who cannot keep his own secret ought not to complain if another tells it.

Some use their wits as bravos their stilettos, not for defense, but mischief.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies prolong it.

The laws of civility oblige us to commend what, in civility, we cannot blame.

Independence in thought and action is a luxury which is far beyond the reach of poor folks.

There is a modesty in pure desires after excellence which affectation can never counterfeit.

The mind is like a trunk; if well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

Whims are harder to remove than sorrows, for time, instead of weakening them, only strengthens.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

He that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs, and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

He that considers how little he dwells upon the conditions of others will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself.

Few people know themselves, because they find the study of themselves an employment but little calculated to gratify their pride or vanity.

The purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches; and therefore men seek to hide their poverty from others and their idleness from themselves.

Education has no creative power; it can merely unfold and direct the powers nature confers. It cannot make a poet of a horse, nor a writer of an ape.

There is a great difference between what an ambitious man is and what he aspires to be—as there is also between what a vain man thinks himself and what he is.

Many persons consider themselves friendly when they are only officious; they counsel not so much that you may become wise, as that they may be known as teachers of wisdom.

No man can go down into the dungeon of his experience, and hold the torch of truth to all his dark chambers and hidden cavities, and not come up with a shudder and a chill, and an earnest cry to heaven for mercy and cleansing.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE CACTUS PLANT.—The cactus plant flourishes best in a sandy soil, with just water enough to keep the earth moist, but not very wet.

COFFEE-LEAF TEA.—Coffee-leaf tea is being written up as a substitute for the real China article. It is hoped that some portions of the United States may be found where the plant will grow leaves if not fruit.

COMFORT IN COWS.—Comfort in cows promotes secretion of milk, hence groups of trees in a pasture are invaluable during hot weather, and entire lack of trees should be supplemented by artificial shelter of some kind.

THE GARDEN.—The garden teaches, and in teaching elevates the mind. For this reason it may be, the first created man and woman were made in paradise—that is, in a garden. "But I can buy my vegetables," says one standing by, and who calls in the doctor frequently, "cheaper than I can raise them." Not so, indeed, if you take into account the health and instruction imparted by the garden.

CHEAP POULTRY YARD.—Set posts firmly in the ground, six feet high, eight feet apart. Take No. 9 wire, and stretch from post to post outside, fastening with staples made of wire driven into posts. Place three wires one inch apart, one foot from the ground; another three at three feet ten inches from the ground; another three at top of posts. Take common laths and weave in, leaving three inches space between the sides of each two laths. This makes the fence four feet high. Then take other laths, picket one end and chamfer the other like a chisel blade, and interweave among the top wires; then shove the chamfered edge down beside the top of the bottom lath, lapping under wires two inches. This makes a cheap, durable and pretty fence, that is seven feet ten inches high, and fowl tight. The wires should be left somewhat slack, as interweaving the laths will take it up.

PROGRESS IN HARD TIMES.—Notwithstanding the times, it is doubtful if the country ever made greater or more rapid progress in substantial wealth than during the past seven years. From a comparison of the statistics of the census of 1870 with those furnished by the Bureau of Agriculture for 1877, it appears that there were 31,000,000 more acres of land under cultivation last year than in 1870, an increase of 34 per cent. The percentage of increase in the amount of corn produced was 21¾; of wheat, 52; of rye, 42; of barley, 35; in tons of hay, 34; and in pounds of tobacco, 91 per cent. The live stock over the aggregate of 1870 was, horses, 44 per cent.; mules, 45; cows, 20; oxen and other cattle, 20; sheep, 25½; swine, 26. The aggregate increase in the number of live animals amounted to about 25,000,000 head. The excess of the grain crop of 1877 over that of 1870 was nearly 350,000,000 bushels. Our exports for the year ending June 30, 1877, exclusive of gold and silver, amounted to $632,580,000.

THE OLIVE, AS AN AMERICAN PRODUCT.—The olive has been successfully grown in California and South Carolina, though not for profit. Gen. A. C. Jones, of the Department of Agriculture, after a careful investigation of the matter, is confident that there is no good reason why olive culture should not be profitably added to the list of our industries. The forthcoming annual report of the Department contains a paper in which is given a large amount of information with regard to the soils and climates most favorable to these trees, and the inducements they offer to the cultivator. In full bearing the olive tree yields from two to three bushels of fruit, producing from fifteen to twenty pounds of oil. An acre of land properly planted should contain about one hundred trees, and grass or other crops may be cultivated between the trees to advantage. Throughout the Mediterranean region the olive is an important source of industrial wealth; and since, in many parts, the climate of our country is not unfriendly to the tree, its cultivation may prove a real and valuable addition to our resources.

"Beautiful angel, fairest of your sex! you are the only woman I ever did or ever can love! Tell me, tell me truly, will you accept the heart that is only too surely yours?" "Your offer comes too late, sir; I have already accepted another." "Horrible! most horrible! Lost! all is lost forever! Since, then, you can never be mine, will you have the kindness to say a good word for me to your beautiful sister?"

Never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. Very likely he may give up his visit in sight of the house.

We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions triumphs are defeats.

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The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great **Vegetable Pain Destroyer.** Has been in use over **thirty years,** and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

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LADIES find it their best friend. It assuages the pains to which they are **peculiarly** subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, nausea, vertigo, &c. It promptly ameliorates and permanently heals all kinds of **inflammations** and **ulcerations.**

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VARICOSE VEINS. It is the only sure cure.

KIDNEY DISEASES. It has no equal for permanent cure.

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PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with **Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel** recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for **Swellings** of all kinds, **Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils,** simple and chronic **Diarrhœa, Catarrh,** (for which it is a *specific*), **Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes,** etc. **Chapped Hands, Face** and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE. Removes **Sunburn, Roughness** and **Smarting;** heals **Cuts, Eruptions,** and **Pimples.** It *restores, invigorates* and *refreshes,* while wonderfully improving the **Complexion.**

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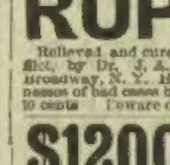

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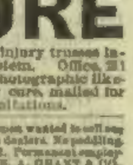

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CITY TREES.

From out the harsh and hardened stems
The tender green begins to peep,
And summer touches into gems
Those folded buds that fell asleep.
Whispering to every dreaming shoot
A vow of emerald coronets,
A veil of moss to hide the root
Found by the violets.

To every leafless lonely trunk
There comes a tender thrill and throb,
Expanding branches, slim or shrunk,
That the long winter went to rob
Of last year's bloom and russet hues,
Of this year's early hopes of green,
While the broad golden beams infuse
Strength to each queen.

Soft winds, that take such anxious care
Of forest queen or wood princess,
Tangle the gold laburnum's hair,
Or put back every heavy tress,
Remember how the city elm,
The ancient mulberry and plane,
Love little leaves to overwhelm
Memory of sleet and rain.

Enter the city, summer glow,
To warm and help with quick caress
Those trees that ached for long, when snow
Was all their outward shield and dress;
And interlace, with loving skill,
A leafy covering above,
Through which we look up to the will
Of Him whose name is love.

Some far-off hint of breezy down,
Some subtle half-forgotten scent,
May penetrate the smoky town;
By some sweet hillside pity lent,
Some page from far-off Nature's book,
Read in the fervent July sun,
Unfold within this city nook,
Whose life has just begun.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM,

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

IX.—[CONTINUED.]

"I am very sorry I didn't see you at Lapton Lane," said Enderly. "I had important questions to ask you. I went to your husband's place of business in Medford Square; then I went out to Lapton Lane, and was very much consoled for my disappointment in not finding you, by the affability of Mrs. Royer. I was an entire stranger out there, and I stumbled, in the most innocent way in the world, right upon her in the midst of her garden party; but to business. What I went out there to see you about was respecting an old man named Martin Winthrop—a patient of mine—who alleges that his only daughter; a Mrs. Holbrooke, abandoned him sixteen years ago, as I presume Mrs. Royer has already informed you, and as you were of the same name, I determined to interview you and find out if I could get on the trail of his daughter."

"I assure you, Doctor, you are entirely out of the trail, as far as I am concerned. I never heard of the old man—never; and I'm sure my husband never did. So that settles the question as to my being his daughter. I do not see why in the world I should be accused of such a thing as being unfilial."

"No, no. You mistake. No one accuses you, Mrs. Holbrooke. I see it all now. The old man is half mad—is crazed, in fact, with this one haunting idea that his daughter is lost to him—that her name is Holbrooke,"

"How do you know her name is Holbrooke?" said Mrs Royer quietly.

"Simply because I came across a marriage certificate of one Joseph Holbrooke to Miss Caroline Winthrop——"

"Oh!" The lady smiled a peculiar smile, and said: "You are in the dark yet, Doctor."

"Do you think so? I hope not. But I'm sure I don't want to cause anybody trouble. I'm very sorry to have troubled you."

"Oh, Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Royer, with a laugh, "you have troubled me, I assure you. You troubled me exceedingly when I found you had gone and would not return." You have slighted the little show of hospitality I could offer. But you see now, to resume the topic we left, that Mrs. Holbrooke is not the lady you seek, nor does she know such a person of the same name. Mrs. Holbrooke, therefore, I hope and pray, is exonerated from this severe charge you alleged against her?"

"Yes. But as sure as God lives, I will discover the ingrate child, and will expose her."

"So you should," said Mrs. Holbrooke. "If there is anything we can do for this old man, why we should be happy to add our mite to any contribution you know."

"I don't know, indeed. There's plenty to be done. I'll see."

The Doctor was in a queer humor. He never flattered, never minced his words, never tried to please people who could not be pleased. He was as honest as God's sunlight. He was a gentleman, too; but he was not polite. He had some idea of etiquette, but he thought heart and soul superior to form and method.

Just at that moment Zoe poked in his head, and said:

"A lady to see Doctor!"

"All right!" said Enderly, with a move after the servant.

He left them, and, on coming into the reception room, was as well pleased as he was astonished to see Bessie.

"Oh, Doctor! grandpa is so ill! He was brought home this afternoon by a policeman! What can be the matter?"

"Matter! Why, the deuce take it, he's been over working himself. I'll see him right away. Stop, I'll go with you!"

X.

As he left the room, Mrs. Royer whispered to her niece:

"Such a handsome man—quite a match for Mattie. We must encourage him, my dear. Not over polite, though."

Enderly lost not a moment following Bessie to the door, and then he said, in the manner of one quite bewildered as well as ill at ease:

"Bessie, Bessie, I will not let you walk—you must ride. I'll have the carriage here in a moment."

The young girl looked at him with a surprised face, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Doctor, do see think of such a thing for me."

Her face crimsoned as she spoke.

"Well, then," returned Enderly, "we'll walk there."

Then, after a moody interval, he said, as he walked down the street at her side:

"When did grandpa come back?"

"Not long ago, Doctor."

"Well, we must see to the old fellow. You say he owns that place, are you sure of it?"

"Quite sure. Mother pays him the rent."

"Hum! How much?"

"Four dollars a week."

"Oh, Jerusalem! four dollars a week—is that all?"

"Yes; you see grandpa insisted on paying the rent for the cellar."

"What lunacy! And how about the rest of the house excepting your own apartments!"

"Mother keeps lodgers, sir, and she occupies the whole house; and she pays grandpa four dollars a week."

"Confound it—that can't keep him, can it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"No—I know that. How could you, Miss Bessie. He's a great bother to you, is he not?"

"No, Doctor. I take an interest in him and see that he is treated well; but may I ask if you found his daughter?"

"No, Miss Bessie; there are around in my office two ladies—one a Mrs. Royer, and the other a Mrs. Holbrooke. I succeeded in finding them out, and have unfortunately chanced upon the wrong personages."

"Then Mrs. Holbrooke is not his daughter?"

"Scarcely. The name is exactly the same, and that is as far as I can see into the affair."

Then they both lapsed into silence and walked down the street, turned into another, and at last reached 38 Lavender street; they descended the cellar-way, and the door being unfastened, they got in easily.

They found old Martin sitting at his work bench plying away at his invention.

"Poor grandpa," said Bessie, putting her arms about his shoulders, "do you feel better?"

The old man stared about, and perceiving Enderly, his eyes brightened, and he seized the Doctor's arm.

"I've seen Carrie."

"Nonsense," retorted Enderly, "you have been dreaming. Where have you been?"

The Doctor wished to divine his purpose and the details of the visit of Winthrop to the Royer mansion, and he took this quiet method of accomplishing his purpose.

"Where have I been?"

"Yes."

"But where is Bessie?"

The Doctor called after her.

The young girl had quietly retreated to the far end of the cellar, and had gone upstairs.

"Listen, Doctor," said old Winthrop, still grasping the Doctor's arm. "I tell you I saw my daughter. Oh, God! what a daughter."

"You never saw her, my friend—never. The woman you saw was a stranger, and you imagined her your daughter."

"Stop!" cried Martin, halt savagely, "stop! Before God it was Carrie—Caroline Holbrooke!"

"So be it, then," returned Enderly, with a smile. "She is a comely woman, and if she be your daughter, God will punish her for deserting you."

"I pray not!" exclaimed the old man, "I pray not. In Heaven's name, no. She has done me injustice, cruelty, tortured me, made me mad, but I forgive her, and I know God will. Yes, He will. I know it—I know it."

"Tell me all about it. Keep calm—please keep calm. Tell me how you happened to go out there and see her."

"I went straight out," answered the old man, his eyes glistening, and his whole frame trembling. "I walked half the distance, rode the rest; and when I came there found a great crowd of people."

"Yes, I know all about that," said Enderly, impatiently. "Tell me how she came to thrust you out."

"How do you know of that?"

"I was there. You were asleep the whole time. I saw you, watched you, and tried to prevent them from putting you out."

"You were there? Impossible?"

"Of course I was. I went on the same errand you did. I went to find Mrs. Holbrooke, and there is where you are mistaken about the lady you saw being your daughter. Mrs. Holbrooke did not reach the place until about twelve o'clock."

"Mrs. Holbrooke—Carrie. Why—why—she—I saw her in the kitchen, and she struck at me."

"You are losing your calmness, Mr. Winthrop. Pray do as I tell you, and keep calm. Who struck at you?"

"My daughter—in the kitchen—my own daughter."

"You do not mean to say that Mrs. Royer, for that is the lady's name, struck at you."

"Mrs. Royer. I tell you it was my own daughter."

"Pooh! Well, now let me know all about it. What did you do when she struck you?"

"I fell down, and knew nothing. I thought I was dying, and when I did come to I found myself in a splendid room, mirrors and crimson furniture all around me, and then four men came in and forced me out. 'Get out of this,' said one, giving me a push. 'You must leave here,' said another, grasping me by the arm, while the other two took me in my half dazed state, down across the lawn, and thrust me out at the gate."

"Well, well—what did you do then?"

"What—why I went back, I called on my daughter, I shrieked aloud to Heaven for help. 'Carrie, Carrie!' I shouted. I fell upon the grass close to the gate, and everything spun around, and everything grew black, and I knew no more. Ah! that dreadful yesterday."

"And when you awoke?"

"When I awoke it was early morning. I got up and ran towards the gate. It was closed. I ran around the stone wall to find another entrance, but could not. I came back to the gate again and called, and struggled with its iron bars. I was mad—I am mad. Is it any wonder, Doctor?"

"Well?"

"A man—a servant, came down the path and told me to stop my noise. I asked him as quietly as I could to speak to my daughter, and ask her for God's sake to let me in, if only for a moment. He said he would set the dogs on me if I didn't stop my talk, and I left. Remember, Doctor, I was so anxious to see my daughter. Oh, my daughter!"

"You mean the lady you mistook for your daughter. Well, go on."

"I mean my daughter—my dear Carrie!" exclaimed the old man in a voice almost like a shriek.

"Well, what happened then?" said Enderly, not a little nettled at the obstinacy of old Martin in imagining this woman to be his daughter.

"Well, after I had called at the servant, and begged him to let me in, I went along the road and fell down, and knew nothing more. I was so faint, so sick, heart-broken, heart-broken, Doctor."

"Well, how did you get to town?"

"When I came to I looked about me, and was so hungry and thirsty that I felt as if I was going mad. Carrie never gave me anything to eat. Ah, the dear, precious, cruel girl. Oh, dear Carrie——"

"Mr. Winthrop, please do not give way to this emotion," said Enderly. "Tell me plainly, who took you to town?"

"Then I heard the noise of horses' feet and wheels, and then I saw a cart coming down the road. It was loaded with vegetables. The driver of the cart dashed past me although I held my hand up this way, and begged him to stop. He went past, and I sank back exhausted upon the side of the road, I heard horses feet and wheels again, and this same farmer, it seems, was coming back with his cart as fast as he could up the road.

"Hello! he said, are you sick, old man?

"Very sick. Oh, Doctor, it took the heart out of me to say so, but I had to, I was so miserable. I said:

"They won't let me in to see my daughter. Then the farmer stopped his horse, jumped from his wagon, and said to me: "Keep a good heart, grandpop; I'll see that you're landed safe and sound.

"I said, I feel so sick and miserable. Help me if you can and God will bless you.

"Certainly I will, neighbor; here, let me help you up into the cart.

"And he raised me in his arms, upon my feet, and supported me, while—while I—I tottered——"

"Do you feel faint?" asked the Doctor, seeing the old man hesitate and grow pale.

"No, no, no. I'm strong. I've seen Carrie, you know. Well, well."

"And so this good farmer brought you to the city?"

"He did. He took me up as tenderly as if I had been his old father, and as he drove down the road, he said:

"Where do you live, grandpop?

"I said I ought to live over there—over there, and I pointed to where Carrie was. He laughed, and said:

"But where do you live?

"I said God knows; I live in a cellar, I forgot where; but I care no longer to live, for I am sick at heart. I welcome death; and so I do. Stone walls shut me out from my daughter. Oh God! oh God!"

"Then he took you home, did he?"

"No. He was very kind—very kind. God will bless him; but I couldn't remember, you know, where I lived. I was so confused. I was so—well, well—and this good young farmer at last stopped his horse when we got to the city, and I got out of the cart."

"Where did you get out? Did you know where you were going?"

"No—no."

"Did he put you out?"

"No—no."

"Why did you get out? Why didn't you tell him that you lived in Lavender street?"

"Ah, that's it, that's it; I forgot it, I forgot it, Doctor; my brain was in a whirl."

"Where did you get out?"

"I don't know; I don't know. I only remember that when I got out I fell upon the pavement, and everything grew dark and black about me. You see the sun was so fierce. It was so hot that day."

"Yes—and the young man took you up?"

"I think so, but when I came to I was in a room, and there were a great many policemen standing about. One of them came to me and asked me if I knew where I lived. I told him no. Then they laughed; but I felt more like crying, Doctor.

"To be sure; but who brought you here?"

"Two of them. I don't know how they found out where I lived. I don't, indeed."

"Did they ask your name?"

"Yes, and I told them."

"Did they make you walk."

"No; they put me in a carriage. I remembered your name well enough, Doctor, so I said, call Doctor Enderly, call Doctor Enderly; and that is how I got home, I suppose. Everybody knows you, Doctor."

"So, so; quite an adventure."

The Doctor lapsed into his customary nonchalance, and then, after administering a drop of some potion which he took from his pocket-case to his old patient, said:

"You are very wrong to suppose that Mrs. Royer is your daughter. No wonder they treated you as they did. What makes you think Mrs. Royer is your daughter?"

"Mrs. Royer!" exclaimed the old man. "I mean my daughter Carrie, my dear daughter—Mrs. Holbrooke."

"But Mrs. Holbrooke was not there when you were there. She did not arrive until the midnight train came in."

"But, I saw her—I saw her."

"Where?"

"In the pavillion, in the kitchen, in the house—everywhere. I don't know Mrs. Royer."

"Mrs. Holbrooke, I tell you, did not come till midnight. Mrs. Royer is her aunt."

"Her aunt. God, but she looks like Carrie. Her aunt. Impossible!"

"You see, my friend, you have been laboring under a great mistake, and it is time to correct it. You imagined, as I did, that Mrs. Holbrooke resided at Lapton Lane, simply because the name of her husband was similar to that of your daughter's husband. Now, I saw Mrs. Holbrooke this morning——"

"Where?" darted the old man.

"At my office, and she denies all knowledge of you. Never saw you, never heard of you, never knew anybody by the name of Winthrop."

"Ah, ha. It was not Carrie, then."

"Of course not. How could it be?"

"But her name is Holbrooke. You told me her name was Holbrooke."

"What of that? Come, come, give up this game of hide and seek, Mr. Winthrop. It is time you should devote yourself to your invention, and forget this lost daughter. You can never find her."

"I will, I will, if I die in the attempt. I tell you I saw her."

"Well, have it so then," said Enderly. "But to convince you that you are in error I will myself bring her here to see you, in my carriage, or take you to see her, and then we can settle the question at once and forever."

"Do so Doctor; please. Please take me to her before I die."

"I mean I will take you to see this lady named Holbrooke, and you can easily determine whether she is your daughter or not. I will take you this afternoon, if you wish."

"Yes, yes."

"So be it. This afternoon we will confront the unnatural daughter. It is to be hoped; but I fear that there will be a great disappointment in store for you, Mr. Winthrop."

"I hope not."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A prospective father-in-law wished to investigate the character of his about-to-be son-in-law. "In fact," said a mutual acquaintance, "he has only one fault that I know of." "And what is that?" "He can't gamble—can't play cards." "And do you call that a fault? I think it a most excellent quality." "Oh, I beg pardon—he can't either gamble or play cards, but he does both tremendously, for all that!"

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

"The leafy month of June" is generally one of busy preparation for summer pleasures and travel. The fashionable world bids farewell to city homes and city life, and seeks in various directions fresh galeties among the charming scenes of the mountains or by the sea, while Dame Fashion busily devotes herself to the important role she plays in the drama of gay summer life, for without her artistic taste, her skilful and magical touches which can so deftly cover the deficiencies of form and material, the drama would lack all the bright coloring which infuses light and life into the scene. How inexhaustible are the resources which can readily respond to so many demands, for from all sides comes some one seeking renovation or improvement in dress, eager to be benefited by her tasteful suggestions.

The polonaise still appears in the majority of new summer costumes—the long clinging polonaise, varied in its trimming and manner of looping. There is no model which has maintained its popularity so continuously through all the varied caprices of fashion as the polonaise, for when all other models have been discarded to give place to something new, and we are led by various prognostications to believe that we shall have in that new nothing we have had before, the polonaise reappears with such fresh charms, such changes and modifications as invariably have the effect of novelty, and wins a fresh popularity which seems stronger than ever before.

This garment is not an invention of modern times, for we are informed in some curious French memoirs that it was worn with success just a century ago, 1778. During that period ladies had the choice between the *polonaise*, the *caraco*, the *Anglaise*, and the *fe-rite*, all dresses to wear with small panters, thick at the top. The polonaise had a very open bodice and a short skirt, cut and turned up so as to form three lapels, two at the sides, which formed wings, and a tail behind. The sleeves did not come down below the elbow, and the neck was trimmed around with a high frilled collarette. But the modern polonaise no longer possesses its former simplicity. It was the simple dress of the Middle Ages, after the fashion of Marguerite of Faust—quite plain, and draped without any ornament. But this required such a perfection of figure to bear such elegant simplicity, it became necessary to have recourse to trimmings and ornaments, all more or less fanciful and elaborate. This brings us to its present form, which has no definite style of looping or draping, but is arranged and pleated according to the taste and fancy of the wearer, whose imperfections it conceals, while it sets off to advantage her attractive points. It is indeed on account of the facility with which this style of dress lends itself to every needful modification, that the polonaise remains so long in favor. Susceptible of such variety, it becomes acceptable and becoming to almost every figure, and we may feel assured that it will always retain this popularity, independent of that fickleness and inconstancy for which Dame Fashion is so famous. This capricious sovereign of our toilettes has shown a remarkable thoughtfulness in her latest devices which relate to our dress, for what is more considerate and suggestive of economy and comfort than the short costume which has recently been introduced for walking, to which we can adapt the polonaise or the tunic and basque, and that it is not confined to the plain simplicity with which it at first appeared is evident in the modifications which rapidly follow its introduction. They are less clinging to the shape, and the material at the back is draped as elaborately as can produce a slightly puffed effect. The name of "Watteau" has been applied to these costumes under the plea that they are not unlike the "paniers" worn at that period. Another name is *costume de trottoir*, significantly suggestive of their especial use for walking.

The materials chiefly employed for such costumes are those which drape in soft pliable folds, such as cashmere, barege, and every variety of thin woolen fabrics, in light shades. Scarfs form a pretty and becoming style of drapery, as great taste and ingenuity can be exercised in intertwining them in an intricate style, yet producing a charmingly graceful effect. In addition to this style, many of our prominent modistes are making polonaises which can be worn with the short skirt. Added to the above list of materials, I find those which are termed "wash goods," many of which are in dark plain colors and well adapted for general everyday wear. A costume of this material was made with a short skirt of dark blue cambric, trimmed with a kilted flounce, which is also trimmed with three bias bands of checked blue and white cambric. The tunic is draped in front *a la lavandiere*, that is, turned up, and on the edge of the piece turned up is another bias band of the checked material. The skirt in the back is pleated its full length and caught in by a bow half way down; from here to the bottom on each side are revers of the checked cambric, also caught together by a large bow. A habit basque of blue cambric forms the corsage, opening over a vest of the checked cambric. Behind, the basque is left open and caught together by a bow. This *Lavandiere* costume, also called the *Paysanne*, is extremely simple yet graceful, and has become a favorite model for both wash and woolen fabrics. The most common form consists in turning up the bottom of the front of the overskirt or tunic, and while arranging the back in a similar style, the sides are kept flat and straight. The side which is turned shows a facing of some contrasting material, which in woolens can display very rich effects of brocade and other silk figured tissues.

Among some of the popular styles of trimming is to make use of certain fabrics, such as Chinese tissues, Pompadours and richly-figured stuffs, which form straight bands, cross or bias pieces, plastrons, revers, long waistcoats, etc. A costume of this combination is of mastic gray silk and figured gauze of a lighter shade. The skirt is edged with a pleating of silk in the back and front, which is cut in the princesse form, all in one, but loosely draped to simulate a tablier. In the back it represents a entrasse basque, finished off at the edge with two pockets with buttons; the gauze comes from underneath the basque, and, trimmed on the bottom with a fringe, falls over the train. On the left side is arranged a wide rever of the gauze extending from the basque down the edge of the train. This rever turns toward the front, and is trimmed on the bottom and the front side with fringe. The front of silk, which is loosely draped and edged with fringe, is caught back over the gauze drapery and fastened under the gauze rever. A wide collar of the gauze completes the costume, with which is worn a bonnet of rice straw trimmed with feathers of the two shades in the dress.

We are gradually coming back to the figured, shaded and watered ribbons of former years, which are used as waistbands and fastened with large square cuckles of Rhine crystals, antique silver, mother of pearl and dead or engraved gold.

White barege has recently been made into some charming costumes for evening wear, and as a summer material for dress occasions it has many attractive features to those who prefer white for such toilettes. The make, however, is everything, for it must be draped artistically, the folds must cross and recross in such a manner as to produce graceful lines. Sometimes the double tunics are embroidered with white silk and so crossed as to carry the embroidery up one side of the dress, or else a ladder of feather chenille fringe is arranged on the front of the dress and carried down the sides and around the edge of the drapery. The bodice is made *a l'enfant* and *a la Vierge* and *a la Grecque*, covering the shoulders and cut heart-shaped back and front.

As a sequence of the present changes, which have gradually encroached on the old familiar styles, we can also prepare ourselves for more decided ones to come. A proverb tells us "it is only the first step which costs," and while we may hesitate before accepting the new decrees of Fashion, and cling to the old rules, when the time comes for us to seek new materials we then look for new models, and then pictures of Fashion's designs which ten years ago were the ruling guides of our costumes, but which since then, in contrast to their succeeding designs, have been only suggestive of the most ludicrous absurdities of dress, will probably reappear clothed afresh and brilliant with novelty and beauty. This is already perceptible in some of the present styles, which are in reality only the old which had been forgotten.

Some of the present shapes of bonnets take us back to the time when the generations now in middle age, were enjoying the golden hours of their youth. These shapes have high square crowns, with wide flaring brim, which has an inside trimming of flowers, and bent in graceful curves to fit the face, and forming a wide curtain in the back, while on top are white plumes, which wave towards the front. Wide satin ribbon forms strings which compress the brim at the sides to the face, and tie under the chin. To complete this revival of "ye olden style," the large reticule, or bag, of velvet, or silk embroidered, and with drawing-strings at the top, is suspended from the waist, while lace mitts take the place of the modern kid gloves. How many silver-haired grandmothers can recognize in the picture a reproduction of their own gay and happy youth, when their young faces gleamed from within the shade of just such a bonnet.

The Marie Stuart has become one of the most popular shapes for those who prefer a close fitting bonnet, although the present style is slightly flaring each side of the point.

Among the capotes a charming model is of black tulle; the brim and tiny curtain are bordered with a double row of small gold beads; the tulle strings are fastened to the sides by a gold bee. Another equally distingue is of silk and steel-gray velvet, the latter forming a binding all around the edge, and covered with a fringe of steel-colored beads; a cachepeign of similar beads is placed at the back on the curtain, and at the side is a cluster of feathers, steel-gray and yellow mixed. The strings are of wide gray ribbon and narrow yellow.

Ladies continue to wear the chatelaine fastened to the waist, in which every variety of metal and design is used. The Louis XVI style is of gold or oxydized silver inlaid with unamel. Added to the fac are innumerable little pendant articles, which are considered necessary by ladies of fashion.

Hair jewelry has again become fashionable, but it is hoped that the design will always retain a simplicity of style, for its sentimentality frequently leads to the ridiculous.

Among the tasteful articles for negligee which merit our attention, is a long loose *matinee*, or morning-sacque, of royal blue cashmere, lined with mastic-gray foulard and trimmed on the edge with mastic-gray guipure lace; the neck is finished off with a wide Mazarin collar edged with lace and fastened by a bow of blue and mastic ribbon. Another of blue or white cashmere or fancy flannel, is cut in tiny scallops or points on the edge, and embroidered in blue silk. A fine knife pleating of white muslin edged with Valenciennes lace is placed under these points. A Carrick cape, trimmed in the same style, is fastened in front by a bow of blue ribbon; three others fasten the front of the sacque on the cuffs, and underneath one side of the pocket.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Puff Paste.—In answer to inquiry from Essex, N. J., I send the following:

One pound of flour, 1 egg, 12 oz. butter, a little salt, half a pint of cold water. Spread the flour in the usual way, place the egg, salt and half the butter in two-thirds of the water, adding as much of the remainder as may be necessary. Work these together in a smooth and firm paste, then spread it out with the hands, and after the remaining half of the butter has been placed in the centre, the sides should be closed entirely over the butter. When the paste has stood five minutes, shake some flour with the hand over the slab and on the paste, then roll it out as thin as possible, two feet long and a foot wide; this must be folded in three, and after turning the paste so as to bring the sides to the front, to face you, roll it out as before. After an interval of ten minutes, repeat the rolling twice in the same way, and it will then be fit for use. This is a French recipe, and a good one.—*Old Cook.*

Scotch Scones.—I am very glad to reply to "Lassie's" inquiry by sending a recipe which has always proved a delicious one:

One pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two ounces of butter, a little sugar, a handful of currants if liked; beat one egg in a quarter of a pint of water, mix thoroughly and quickly; then divide into two rounds and each round will make four scones.—*M. A. G.*

Ornaments for Fire Places in Summer.—I have had so many admirable suggestions from the Fireside Chat which I have adapted to my home with great success—not only good recipes for the table, but such charming novelties and hints on fancy work—I venture to offer a few in return, which will be found very simple and pretty, for covering the black fire-grate, which is always so gloomy-looking in summer. A very large painted fan, opened and fastened in a little gilded stand, is very pretty; or cut a fan-like circle in cardboard and cover it with gilt paper, and then paste on scrap pictures. Another very pretty design is cut in this open fan shape, and small fan thers glued on, row upon row, each row arranged to conceal the stems or quills of the others. Peacock feathers used in this way produce a very handsome effect.—*An Old Subscriber.*

Ice Cream Cake.—This has always been a famous cake at our festivals and the following recipe I know will please "Strawberry Festival:"

Stir together till very light, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Beat six eggs very light and stir into them a half pint of rich milk. Add, gradually, the eggs and milk to the butter and sugar, alternately with a half pound of sifted flour. Add a glass of sweet wine and some grated nutmeg. When all the ingredients are mixed stir the batter very hard. Then put into small deep pans or cups that have been well buttered, filling them about two-thirds with the batter. Set them immediately into a brisk oven, and bake them brown. When done, remove them from the cups and place them to cool on an inverted sieve. When quite cold make a slit or thereon on the side of each cake. If very light and properly baked, they will hollow in the middle. Fill up this cavity with ice cream, carefully put it in with a spoon, and then close the slit with your fingers to prevent the cream running out. Spread them on a large dish. Either send them to the table before the ice cream melts, or keep them on ice till wanted.—*Country Girl.*

Pot-Pourri of Flowers.—I have used the following recipe a great many times with success, and think it will prove acceptable as a reply to Rosalie's inquiry:

Take roses, lavender, bay leaves, orange flowers, clove pinks, and any other sweet-smelling flowers except peas; they must be gathered in dry weather, but not dried before they are put into jars. Add a large quantity of cloves, allspice, orange and lemon pealings. Mix one pound of bay salt pounded fine, with one pound of common salt, and strew the flowers with it; keep adding fresh flowers all though the summer, each time adding a layer of spice. When no more flowers are to be gathered, pour into the jar a pint of good lavender water, and during the winter wet now and then with brandy. I have found this very good even without the lavender water, and varying the quantities. The great secret is not to dry the flowers.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

C. M. K., (Charleston, W. Va.)—We do not remember receiving a story of the title you mention.

Mogul, (Lincoln, Me.)—Dragon's blood is a resin, chiefly used to tinge finger varnishes and lacquers.

Lily, (Huron, Ohio.)—It is purely a matter of taste whether a blonde or brunette be the more attractive.

F. T., (Hartford, Conn.)—Cutting the hair frequently is the best way of preventing the points from splitting.

Ada, (Harperfield, N. Y.)—A person who was thirty-four years old on January last, is now in his thirty-fifth year.

C. M., (Summit, O.)—When paint has dried on a silk dress, it is difficult to get it off. The best plan is to have it scoured.

May, (Manistee, Mich.)—There are no recipes, medical or otherwise, for the purpose of rendering a thin face fat, or permanently brightening dull eyes.

M. C., (Hayden Creek, Col.)—We thank you for your good opinion of the Post. The number, however, containing the article you desire, is entirely out of print.

J. M., (Dundoval, Ill.)—If the superfluous hair is on the face, the only way of probably permanently removing it, is by using tweezers and resolutely plucking it out.

Alice, (Fayston, Vt.)—Young ladies should not live alone, when they have it in their power to live with their relations, or else have some elder relation to live with them.

Thebis, (Macon, Ga.)—The quotations, "All went merry as a marriage bell," "And there was mounting in hot haste," "I have not loved the world nor the world me," and "I stood among them, but not of them," are all from Byron.

Constant Reader, (Morton, Ill.)—The Silver Mountain Mining Company is not a reputable corporation, and you should have nothing whatever to do with it. It is a humbug of the first water. The other firm you mention is of the same character. Beware of both.

Wilbe., (North Corneille, Mr.)—Smoking, if indulged in very moderately, and you experience no ill effects, might not do you much harm at your age, but we cannot advise you to adopt a habit which is in any way beneficial only under exceptional circumstances.

Hudson, (Rockingham, N. H.)—Admitting that you were in the wrong, you yet hesitate to make the first advance. Frankly acknowledge you are in the wrong, and whatever happens you will have the satisfaction of being in the right. On the other hand, if your lover took the initiative he would not in any way compromise his manly dignity. "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong."

F. P. T., (New York, N. Y.)—It would be unusual to use the term "import" when speaking of sending goods from one State to another, although perhaps not absolutely incorrect. The general meaning of the word might justify its use in such a connection, but the best custom, which is the supreme law in matters of language, has confined "import" in the dispatching of goods from one country or nation to another. The word "transport" should be used in cases of internal commerce.

Fanny, (Phila, Pa.)—A history of dancing generally, is out of the question. The modern ballet, however, is the result of a slow development of an intricate art from simple origin. From the choral dances of the Greeks to the cachuca of the Ebalers is a long stride, and Terpsichore was over two thousand years taking it. The complex ballet of to-day has been evolved from the almost accidental and perhaps half unconscious motions of the early Bacchic revels. The origin of dancing was probably simultaneous with the origin of music; the rhythm of the first song was soon accompanied by the steps and gestures of the first dance.

R. Conn, (Hampden, Mass.)—The difference between G sharp and A flat should not be a "mystery" to your friend. If, as you pretend, he is a violin player, he is best able to solve his own question, by playing on an up-scale in the key of A major, and a down scale in the key of F flat. He will find that, if his ear be very truthful, he makes an appreciable difference in the two rules on which he has based his question. The A flat will be found to be decidedly flatter than the G sharp, and, vice versa, the latter will be found to be sharper than the other. On the piano, however, the same key stands for both; and it is only a perfect vocal temperament, or an artificial instrument like the violin, which can mark the distinction at all. In composition, however, it is essential to know that there really is a distinction.

Subscriber, (Phila, Pa.)—Your case is a peculiar one, and it would seem that in writing a letter which was not answered, you had done all that a person in the circumstances could do. If your belief, however, that the lady desires a reconciliation, is well founded, you might write again, asking her to state the reasons for your dismissal. You can do this with the least sacrifice of pride from her having promised to do so. If you should write, and your letter is unanswered, it will be a proof that you are mistaken in supposing she wished to renew the acquaintance. Should she still care for you as you think she does, a request to explain the cause of her estrangement, by letter—or even word of mouth, should opportunity offer, would enable her to make everything right without difficulty.

Inquirer, (Columbia, S. C.)—In the matter of the propriety of first cousins marrying, no hasty opinion should be expressed. There is a great diversity of belief on the subject among the medical fraternity, which is best qualified to judge of its good or evil effects. Many arguments are alleged against it, but comparatively few are used in its favor. The intelligent popular sentiment is also adverse to it, and where a feeling of this character is so strong and wide-spread among the people it has certainly good reasons at its back. From our own round of observation, which has been somewhat extensive, we should decidedly disapprove of marriage between first cousins, on many grounds. In your case, however, you had better consult your parents or friends, and be guided by them.

School-boy, (Shelly, N. C.)—There are no means whereby you can acquire "a large and good stock of fine language" for speech purposes, short of the most earnest study, observation, and constant association with educated people. Everything that appertains to knowledge is referred to in this remark. Of course in the case of your choosing or desiring to follow a particular profession, the greater part of what you read and study should have reference to that end. But respecting the mere acquirement of the meaning and character of words, the task is easier. Note down all you hear or meet with when reading, that are unintelligible to you, and study the definitions in a dictionary or encyclopedia. After having used this method a while you will be surprised and delighted at what you will have accomplished.

Student, (Powell, Ky.)—An Æolian harp may be a very skilful affair, or a very simple one, and can be made by anyone in a few minutes. For the latter kind cut a couple of pine wedges to fit tightly into any opening there may be in door or window, through which the wind is blowing. Take a piece of sewing silk, about three fourths of a yard long, which has been well twisted and waxed, with knots tied in each end to prevent them from slipping through the slits made to receive them in the ends of the wedges. Now press these wedges into the crack, drawing the silk as tight as possible. A very narrow aperture is enough for one string if it is touched now here, and a quarter of an inch may accommodate two or three, which should be made of silk of different degrees of fineness to give variety of tones. This placed in the opening will produce a succession of low, sweet sounds, which to many ears is very fascinating.

Operator, (Caddo, La.)—In 1820 a French scientist, Ampere, suggested that the deflection of the needle by the galvanic current might be used for telegraphic purposes. In 1835 the first actual electric telegraph was constructed from Paddington to Drayton, Eng., a distance of thirteen miles; it had six wires and five needles; the wires were laid upon the ground, but doubtless insulated. In 1839 the first overground line was constructed in Calcutta; an iron wire was used—the same as now—placed on bamboo poles. In 1844 the first public line was completed between Washington and Baltimore (forty miles), and the first message transmitted May 27, that year. In 1847 the Morse telegraph was introduced into Germany, and since then it has spread all over the world. No one of the claimants, Morse, is entitled to all the honor of the invention.

Reader, (Nashville, Tenn.)—Captain Bates is probably the tallest man now living. If history speaks true, however, there have been taller men. Pliny relates that in the time of Claudius Cæsar, there was a man named Gobbiarmus, brought by the Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was nine feet four inches high, "the tallest man that has been in our times." In the reign of Augustus Cæsar, the tall forms of Pusio and Secundilla are said to have been seen, whose bodies were preserved in a museum, in the Sallustian Gardens, and each of whom measured ten feet three inches in height. The Emperor Maximus himself was nine feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet as a thumb-ring. His shoe was a foot larger than that of any other man, and he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He ate usually forty pounds' weight of flesh, and drank six gallons of wine daily.

Show Card, (Phila, Pa.)—China claims precedence over all other nations in the discovery of printing. The period is supposed to be 900, A. D., and Feng-Tsen, a Minister of State, the supposed inventor. Laurentius, son of John Koster (or Coster), of Haarlem, Holland, commenced printing from solid blocks of wood, on which the characters were cut, about the year 1430. In 1442 metal types instead of wooden ones, were invented; and in 1458 a mode of casting type in matrices was discovered by Faust. In 1468 a printing press was privately set up at Oxford, Eng., but the first book known to have been printed there is only dated 1468. A press was afterward established by Caxton at St. Albans, in the same country, and another adjoining Westminster Abbey, in 1471. A book on the game of chess, printed in 1474, may be regarded as the first production of the English press, though the first book printed in the English tongue was "Illenyell of the History of Troy," printed at Cologne, September 19, 1471. The first press in America was established in Mexico, about 1540. The first press in North America was in Cambridge, Mass., about 1639. The first newspaper in the United States was the Boston News Letter, 1704.

John Jay, (Phila., Pa.)—1. The best way to overcome natural timidity when reading before an assembly, is to practice the reading or recitation until you are as perfect in it as you possibly can be, and then try it before your family or more intimate friends. Begin with something simple and easy, and by following these rules you will in time acquire sufficient confidence to dispense with both. 2. If on being introduced, the gentleman should remark he was happy to make your acquaintance, you might reply: "The pleasure is mutual, sir;" "thank you;" or, should you choose, indulge in nothing more than a courtly bow. 3. The hour of departure for a young man's evening visit to a lady depends altogether on circumstances. It is one of those cases where both example and precept are almost useless, the parties being a law unto themselves. So far as these visits have been systematized, ten or half-past ten is looked upon as the time most suitable for the gentleman to take his leave. In numerous instances it is no doubt earlier, and in many more, certainly a great deal later. The general rule is to stay as long as you can find it mutually agreeable, and is the one most frequently followed. 4. In riding horseback the gentleman should be on the lady's left hand, so as to be able to render her assistance with his right if necessary.